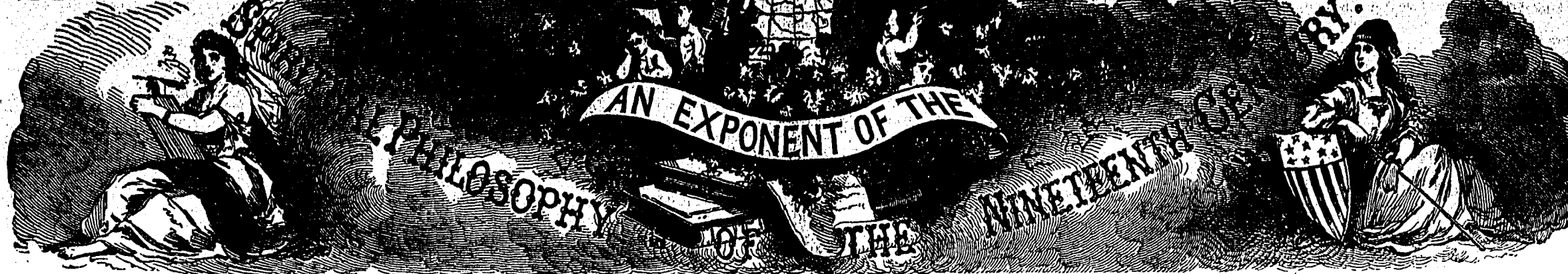


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 1.

Literary Department.

"BERTHA LEE," OR, MARRIAGE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY HUSBAND THIS TALE IS DEDICATED.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER,

Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," Etc., Etc.

NOT many months ago, he to whose memory this sketch is dedicated said to me, "Why not write out the history of your friend Bertha's life? It may lead some hearts to pause before they bind themselves for life to uncongenial companions." We had known much of Bertha's married life, and in our hours of confidential intercourse she had given me her history, as I now give it to my readers. But I little thought that the story which I commenced arranging from Bertha's journal and letters, while sitting at the winter's fire-side, cheered by his presence and approbation, would be laid aside to walk with him through the dark valley, and watch, with breaking heart and tearful eyes, his passage over the river of death.

Alone and weary I resume the pen, working and waiting till he beckons to me, from "over the river," to join him.

A. E. P.

[Aug. 20th, 1889.]

CHAPTER I. THE WEDDING.

MY wedding-day! How vividly, at this moment, I recall it to mind! From early dawn there had been the bustle of preparation in the house for the ceremony of the evening, while in my own room, half-packed trunks and the bridal paraphernalia made confusion little congenial to reflection. This was well, for I did not wish to think, and I kept myself as busy as possible, that I might not have one moment of quiet or solitude. I dared not examine my own heart. Like one who had plunged into the depths of a dense forest, and now, bewildered and lost, was determined to travel on, I, too, would push forward, faster and faster. Right or wrong, I must proceed.

I was packing a box with gifts and home trifles, and thinking of a small antique server that had once belonged to my mother, and formed a part of her marriage outfit, but had long since been banished to the garret, with many other articles which brought her too vividly to mind, for the mementoes of a first love are never pleasing to a second wife.) I went to fetch it.

It was a large garret, and contained the collections of many years; but it was clean and orderly, for my second mother, like most New England housekeepers, never omitted certain periodical overturnings and scrubbing, in which the phrase, "from garret to cellar," was well understood by her domestics.

I did not find the server in the place where I had often seen it, and thinking it might be in an old chest under the eaves, I sat down upon a stool to investigate the contents. I tossed one side broken toys, old picture books, and almanacs of ancient date, and such relics as may be found in every garret—among the rest a tiny bureau, a child's toy, given to me when my first doll set up housekeeping. It had marks of hard service, and the corners were sadly battered; but I took it up with care and gazed at it tenderly, for the sight of it brought to mind those proud, happy days of childhood, when I furnished my first "baby house." The high-post bedstead, with its white curtains, the round table, the little flatirons, the china tea-set, were all before me; but the bureau was the pride of my establishment. It was a New Year's gift from my father, and no bride, with the most gorgeous modern furniture for her drawing-room, could be happier than his little daughter on that day. Shall I ever be as happy again? A long-drawn sigh was the only response. I opened one of the remaining drawers. A little dingy roll of paper was all that it contained. I opened it, when a note, clumsily folded in the form of a small letter, fell upon the floor. My own name, printed with a pen, in stiff, awkward capitals, was upon the outside—"Miss Bertha Lee." The inside was printed also, and ran as follows:

"MY DEAREST BERTHA—I am sorry that I cannot go to your doll's tea-party this afternoon; but mamma says I must stay at home and learn my piece that I am to speak in school to-morrow—

How doth the little busy bee?

But after I have spoken it to the teacher, I can go; so if Dollie will not feel too bad, I wish you would wait for to-morrow is my birthday, and I should like very much to go and see you then, and show you my presents. I always have plenty of sugar-plums on that day, and I will bring them over for the table. I shall be six years old then—a whole year older than you; and I am a great deal stronger, too; so I mean to take care of you all the days of my life; and when we are big enough, we will keep house together, and you shall have a silver plate and a gold spoon; and Dollie shall have a new satin gown. Cousin Joe is here, and when I asked him if he would wait and take a letter to you, he said, 'Yes, yes, ay, ay, that I will.' How queer he is! I hope Dollie will wait.

Your best friend,

CHARLIE.

I read this little missive again and again; tears blinded my eyes, but I brushed them away, and read; then I folded it into my bosom, and let the waters flow. This did me good, and I found courage to kneel and pray: "Oh, God, give me strength to go on; help me to do my duty—to crush out all sinful affection. May I perform faithfully the vows which I am about to take upon myself, and be a true wife unto death to him who claims my hand to-day!"

Impious prayer! I see it now, looking backward through a long lapse of years. I was asking my Maker to aid me in disobeying the very laws of my nature. I was acting from a sense of duty; but it was a deed no more pleasing to Him who loveth mercy and not sacrifice, than the immolation of the Hindu widow.

I buried the papers in my bosom, and sat with my head bowed upon my hand. The old garret seemed pleasant as the midday sun came softly in through the skylight overhead; but I was soon aroused by a voice, inquiring, "Where is Bertha? Pray, where can the child have gone? Strange that she is not ready to receive Mr. Gray! He came in the stage, some time since, and is asking for her."

Mr. Gray! The words seemed to chill my blood. I rose to my feet, but became suddenly faint, and could with difficulty stand. I will go, I said; but a power stronger than my will forbade. I lost consciousness, and fell to the floor. How long I had lain there I cannot tell; but the first thing I remember, on coming to myself, was a rough hand chafing my arms, and a voice saying, "Yes, yes—ah, ah! she ain't dead—no, only sick—faint!" and then commenced again the vigorous rubbing. I opened my eyes, but I was bewildered, like one in a dream.

"Yes, yes—see, she is alive again!"

"Cousin Joe, where am I?"

"Yes, yes—ah, ah!" and from rubbing me, he fell to rubbing his own hands together. "You're up in the garret, Sisy—can't you see? I came up to bring down an extra mattress, because the house is so full of company, and I found you just like dead upon the floor. Joe didn't call the folks, 'cause he guessed he could bring you back to life, if he rubbed hard enough. There, lie down upon this mattress, and Joe will put a pillow under your head."

"Joe, is anybody inquiring for me?"

"Yes, yes—ah, ah!—nobody at all, Sisy—was awhile ago—gone now to a religious conference in the vestry!"

"Thank you, Joe; I will lie down. Some cold water, if you please."

He ran down in his stocking-feet, and returned as noiselessly, bringing me some water, which I thought tasted bitter, but, in my eagerness to drink, I took little heed of it. Ay, Joe! it was an oplate, and it gave me three blessed hours of sleep—sleep which, for many days and nights before, I had not known. When I opened my eyes, the light came—not from the skylight above, but from the little arched window in the west front. I roused myself, and went down to my own room. Some kind hand had finished the packing of my trunks; the wedding-dress was carefully laid upon the bed, and freshly-cut orange blossoms were in a vase of water on the dressing-table. The gloves, handkerchiefs, slippers, were all there, made ready by some careful hand. The clock struck five—three hours still before the ceremony!

A strange calm possessed me. I sat down and opened a book. It was my favorite author, Jeremy Taylor, and, though I turned over the leaves at random, the following met my eye first:

"They that enter into a state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last thrown for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness."

I do not believe that this is a day of miracles, or that we are taught our duty, unless by the aid of reason we seek to know it. But God had heard my prayer, and was now teaching me consequences of my present course. The lesson was unheeded. At this moment my brother William opened the door.

"Oh, William, is it you? I was afraid you would not come at all. I have looked for you many days."

"But I'm here at last, sister. Could I consent to your marriage, and not see my new brother?"

"You have seen him!" and my eyes sought his, earnestly.

"Yes; and the most I can say is, that he is tall, good-looking, and very grave in his manner. You can't expect such a scapegrace as myself to fall in love with a parson; but if you love him, and he is kind and good to you, I shall be satisfied. But I can't understand, Bertha, why you and Charles Herbert did not fulfill the promises of your childhood. By-the-way, he is in town, and will be at the wedding."

As he spoke, my step-mother entered. She seemed taller and stouter than usual, as she sailed into my room, dressed in her heavy gray silk and majestic turban, amid the folds of which gleamed a golden serpent with its ruby tongue.

"Don't leave me with her!" I whispered to William.

"My dear, it is time the bride was dressing. I have come to aid you myself. Cousin Elsie has been waiting with great impatience to be admitted; but Joe said you had fallen asleep, and your father forbade your being disturbed. You have good nerves, to sleep at such a time, and you will now go through the ceremony bravely."

My hand was clasped in William's, and I was then trembling so with weakness, that the support of his arm alone prevented me from falling.

"Will you open that drawer for me, Willie? The key turns very hard."

"I can do that for you," said my mother.

"I think not, ma," said William, "it is very hard; but it will yield after working awhile."

Soon Elsie appeared. "Come, haste to the wedding," said she, as she skipped in. "What a slow bride!"

"I was afraid the groomsmen would have to wait for the blacksmith," said William, as the drawer flew open; "but there it is, and all the flowery, gauzy, silky contents—without which a bride can no more be married than a soldier march without music."

"There, now, away with you, Cousin Will, and be sure not break your heart for any pretty, gauzy, silky piece of dry goods you find in the parlor this evening," and with that she took him by the shoulder and put him out of the room. But his face was peeping in a moment afterward, with the request, "Please, may I come in again once more before the ceremony?"

"Yes, yes," said Cousin Elsie, "if you will behave yourself."

By this time I was strong again. "He shall see that my nerves are quiet," I said to myself. "Who can have given him this invitation to my wedding? Some one who chose not to consult me."

I was soon dressed; under the careful eye of my mother, properly so, no doubt. My bridesmaids averred that I looked "sweetly," and I returned the compliment. There were still a few minutes left. Cousin Elsie ran down stairs, and just after I heard William's step. He was coming for that promised last look. I needed it; that kind, appreciating glance of his pleasant face, would do me good. I looked up and met—not my brother's eyes, but the clear, full, penetrating glance of Charles Herbert!

Were my nerves quiet now? Did I tremble? Did my heart grow cold with icy despair? Not at all. I had no sooner felt the pressure of his hand and heard his voice, than I suddenly became calm—quiet as a summer lake.

"William said that I might come with him, Bertha, and see you a moment before the ceremony. I did not arrive in town till this evening, or I would have called before. I am late with my little gift, but not too late, I hope. You will remember that when we were children, I promised that when I became a man I would bring you a gold watch from 'over the sea.' Here is one that has a history, and thinking I might not have time to relate it, I have sketched it down. You will find it in the casket with the watch. But I must not detain you; the clock strikes—one kiss for the days of your childhood."

He was gone. I held the casket in my hands. I was quiet. There was neither fear nor chill. I was like a sick person suddenly restored to health. And then I remembered it was always so from childhood. If I were nervous and fretful, if my playthings were broken, my lessons not learned, or my frock torn, Charlie always set things right when he came. I was never sick many hours while he lived near us, and the only illness of my childhood was after his removal from town.

My mother's voice aroused me. "Your fan, my dear; Mr. Gray is coming."

A great shadow suddenly fell on my heart's sunshine. Reader, be merciful; we never know the extent of our guilt when we commit a crime. If suffering can atone for sin, that hour's perjury has been washed away by years of humility and penance. My two bridesmaids stood at my side.

"Don't they look beautifully, Mr. Gray?" said my mother.

"Yes, madam; but Bertha, I hope, is too much occupied with the solemnity of the occasion to think much of personal attire. You know St. Paul says that woman's best adorning is a meek and quiet spirit."

"Yes, yes—ah, ah," and Joe's queer face appeared at the door. "Mrs. Lee, Uncle James says the time is come."

Five minutes afterwards I was pronounced "Mrs. Gray," by the good clergyman who had baptized me in childhood, and who had held me to his bosom and hushed my grief when he found me weeping beside my mother's coffin.

I thought of that hour now, and how cold I felt in the darkened parlor, by the coffin. The same chill came over me now. I seemed turned to stone. And yet I knew that my heart beat,

and my lips moved in response to the congratulations of my friends. I smiled, too, but a smile as cold as the ripple of water when a stone falls into its depths. There was a bright fire on the hearth, and during the evening I moved toward it; but, as far as I was concerned, it was brightness, not warmth to me. I remember the lights grew dim, the hum of voices died away, and there was a low murmuring of "Good-nights" and "Farewells," and the sound of carriages rolling from the door. I stood almost alone by the fire, when suddenly a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a voice said, "You have done well, Bertha; your quiet dignity has pleased me; come and sit down in this easy-chair—I know you are tired."

Now I knew I was not turned to stone, for I felt a repulsion which marble cannot feel. I moved away, turned from the room, and went down stairs to the kitchen. Joe was there in his seat by the fire.

"Cousin Joe, some water; some of that water you gave me in the garret."

"Yes, yes—ah, ah, Sisy, you shall have it; but sit down here while I draw some cold and fresh from the well."

He soon brought me a glass filled with some hot, spicy and sweet liquid.

"Yes, yes, drink it; the rooms were warm and crowded up stairs."

As he spoke, he took my feet, which were resting upon the blackened stove-hearth, and held them in his hands, chafing them briskly. The satin slippers and silk stockings transmitted the grateful warmth rapidly, and I felt as if again restored to life. There was a step upon the stairs. I started, but Joe held my feet firmly.

"Eddie, dear, coming for his last good-night kiss."

It was my youngest brother, the child of my father's second wife, a beautiful boy, his mother's idol and my own pet.

"Oh, sister, I cannot let you go away."

I pressed him to my heart; we had loved each other well, and it was hard to part. We wept together, and those tears did me good. I was human still—not turned to stone. Another step on the stairs. This time it was my mother.

"My dear, let me wait upon you to your room. Joe, cover up the fire and go to bed. Eddie, come with me, and bid Mr. Gray good-night."

I followed her mechanically. The clock in the kitchen struck twelve as she spoke—my wedding-day was ended.

CHAPTER II.

THE PARSONAGE.

THE stage-coach was to call for us at nine o'clock in the morning. At seven the trunks were all strapped and in the hall, and breakfast was on the table, all by the direction of my energetic step-mother. Shortly afterwards Charles Herbert called. It was at my father's request, on some business matters. I had been up in Eddie's room, trying to console him for his grief at my departure by a promise that he should come and stay with us when we were settled in our new home. He had dried his tears, and now, hand in hand, his bright, round face, full of smiles at the thought of helping me keep house, we entered the parlor. Herbert and my father were still talking. Mr. Gray had gone to make a call on a brother clergyman. Brother William had left town in an early stage. My father held a roll of bank bills in his hands, and said, as I entered:

"Here, my daughter, is a little spending money. A young wife is diffident in money matters, and fifty dollars will, perhaps, answer your purpose till you can learn the 'sesame' to your husband's purse."

"Give it to her in gold, uncle—that keeps better," said Herbert.

"Not a bad idea, Charlie; change it, if you can."

In a moment more my purse was filled with the bright coin.

"That looks well," said my father. "Put it in a safe place; minister's wives are not generally troubled with too much of such coin. This morning I have deposited one thousand dollars, in good bank stock, in your husband's hands. This is all I can do for you now, my daughter. When I die, my children will all share alike."

"Have you secured the thousand to her in her own name?" said Herbert. "It is well for a wife to have a little fund of her own, in case of misfortune to her husband."

"The deuce, Charles! I never thought of it! What a wise head you have on those young shoulders! But never mind; Gray might not like it. How would it suit you, my boy, in case you were in his place?"

A strange expression flitted over Herbert's face as my father spoke, but it passed quickly away.

"I had it done, sir, in the case of my wife; her property is secured to herself."

"Yes, yes—I understand now; you were always proud as Lucifer—wouldn't take a stiver with a wife—loved her for herself alone, I suppose."

Again that expression on Herbert's face. It was strange how calmly I stood there—so strong and quiet now—when ten minutes before I had drenched two handkerchiefs with my tears, and wished I could die before set of sun.

Herbert did not speak, and my father continued:

"Now, Gray is none of your romantic, high-flown fellows. He just thanked me for the money, said he would make good use of it, and put it carefully away in his pocket-book. He

is a prudent fellow, with a little of the money-getting spirit, which does not displease me. He said he had bought five shares in the Central Railroad. A good speculation, I fancy."

"Perhaps so," said Herbert, gravely.

"Mr. Herbert," I began, my voice trembling a little, but reassured as soon as he bent the full glance of his calm eyes upon me.

"Charlie, if you please, Bertha."

"Charlie, then," I added, and the word seemed to loosen my tongue. I could now say what I wished, and went on to thank him for his present of last evening. "You disappeared so soon that I had no time to tell you that your gift supplied the only want I had. I have never owned a watch before, and I feel now as if it would aid me in improving time."

"Why, as to that, Bertha, you were always a little busy-body, and I should be sorry if the possession of a watch should lead you to take any more stitches; but there is a history connected with the gift which will interest you. Do not try to read it till you are settled in your new home, and need amusement on a rainy day."

While he spoke the coach came. My mother entered the room with a shawl on her arm and a basket in her hand.

"It is chilly this morning, my dear, and I laid out your thick shawl, thinking you might need it; and here is a little basket of cakes of my own baking—you have eaten nothing for two days, and will need a lunch before you get to Boston."

Mr. Herbert wrapped the shawl around me; I took the basket, but left it on the table in the hall. I did not forget, however, to put in my pocket a package of candies which Joe had bought as a parting present to me. The good fellow came with the rest to bid me "good-by."

How droll he looked standing by the side of Charles Herbert! One was six feet high, with a noble head, crowned with rich masses of dark brown hair; a well-developed figure—erect, broad-chested—"every inch a man." Poor Joe looked just then like a wretched little pack-mule, beside a trained and equipped war-horse, ready for battle. Joe's round, rusty apple face, his little head, almost bald, save a little thin, yellowish hair—his bent figure, equipped in a thick gray jacket and a pair of trousers "a world too wide for his shrunken shanks," formed a *tout ensemble* ridiculous, perhaps, to those who did not know the good heart in the rough casket.

"And now, Sisy, come and make us a visit soon. Joe will want to see you, and he will give you some cold, fresh drink, when you are thirsty; you remember, remember, Sisy," and he took my hand, while the tears were on his cheek.

"Yes, Joe, I will return soon; but I want you to come and see me. Come with Eddie, and then he will not be homesick."

"Yes, yes—ah, ah: shall Joe come? Do you mean it?"

"Yes, I mean it and desire it, Joe."

"Yes, yes—ah, ah; then Joe'll come—yes, he'll come! Joe promises."

"Your husband is waiting," said my father.

"My husband!" I shuddered, involuntarily. "Yes, sir," I replied, and dropped my veil over my face. Mr. Gray assisted me into the coach and took a seat at my side.

One rainy evening the coach stopped at a small white house in the village of Vernon, on the Connecticut river. Though dark it was not late, for as we passed through the main street, we saw one or two family groups around the tea-table, and the sight was pleasant to weary and hungry travelers.

"This is the Parsonage," said Mr. Gray, as the driver reined in his horses. "We are a day earlier than I intended, but it will make no difference." He got out of the carriage and opened the house door. The lamps upon the coachman's box threw a few rays of light into a small entrance hall, but I could see no person save Mr. Gray, who now came and offered his hand to assist me in alighting.

"This way, driver," he said. "Bring the trunks in and place them by the side of the wall, near the stairs. That will do. Your charge?"

"Five dollars, sir."

"That is exorbitant; can't you take less?"

"Regular fare, sir; charge you no more than others."

"Then you are an exception to the rule. I am imposed upon every day of my life, because of my profession."

"We treat folks all alike, sir, only now and then we give a lift to a poor woman with a baby," said the driver, as he mounted the box, his rough face looking very good-natured, notwithstanding the rain dripped from his glazed cap and heavy pilot coat.

As the outer door closed, an inner one at the part of the entry furthest from the street opened, and an old woman, holding an iron candlestick with a very emaciated tallow candle in it, made her appearance.

"Why, Mr. Gray, is it possible you are here? I am sartly growing deaf, or I should have heard the stage. Some of your people will be mighty disappointed, for they were coming to-morrow night to give you a 'reception,' as they call it."

"This is my wife, Mrs. Dennis," said Mr. Gray, as she turned the candle toward me. "Good evening, good evening, Mrs. Gray. I bid you welcome to Vernon," and she extended to me a hand, hard and rough and large, but the grasp seemed sincere and hearty.

"Walk in, walk in. I am glad now that I kindled a little fire in the sitting-room stove, for you must be chilled and wet." I was so, and the chill was not all on the surface.

Mrs. Dennis drew a rocking-chair to the fire, took my bonnet and shawl, and said kindly,

"I will make you a cup of tea right away; it will do you good."

"Helen is at meeting, I suppose," said Mr. Gray.

"Yes, but she will be at home soon," Mrs. Dennis replied, as she held her candle up and peered at the mantel-clock. "Deacon Abram always comes early, because he has such a long ride home."

She lighted a lamp that stood near the clock, and then disappeared into an adjoining room, from which issued the sound of a crackling fire, which I thought would soon raise the teakettle to a boiling heat.

"You are now at home, Bertha," said Mr. Gray, "but you will need a few days of rest. Helen will remain with us awhile, and I hope you will find it mutually agreeable. I think you have never seen her."

"No, but we have corresponded so long that she seems to me like a dear friend."

Mrs. Dennis's cup of tea was on the table, and we were about sitting down to enjoy it, when Helen entered, and her round, rosy face looked earnestly at me from beneath a cottage straw bonnet. She did not wait for an introduction, but came toward me with all the eagerness of a happy child.

"My dear sister Bertha! How glad I am you have come to-night, for I can have you all to myself a little while. Now I have a sister!" and she gave me another warm kiss. I returned the kiss, and my heart warmed at once toward her.

"Come, Helen, you are not used to be so demonstrative," said Mr. Gray; "our tea is waiting, and Bertha may prefer a cup of it to your kisses."

"Indeed, brother, I am demonstrative only when I cannot help it. I was demure as puss-in-the-corner all last evening, as Auntie Paul can testify, when Deacon Abram called. I did not say three words to him, though he brought you a nice roast for to-morrow's dinner. But, excuse me, I must welcome you back," and she glided up and kissed his cheek. I looked on with amazement. That was a familiarity which I should never dare to imitate.

"There, that will do, Helen," said Mr. Gray; "now pour out tea for us."

I caught Helen two or three times, as we sat at table, looking at me with those great, earnest eyes, as if she would know all that was in my heart. Our first impressions are often the most correct. I loved Helen Gray at first sight, and that love never flickered or grew dim. What would I not have given that night if her brother had possessed her power over me?

"You are tired," said she, as I seated myself on rising from the table. "I will have your room ready for you in a few minutes."

"It is all ready," said Mrs. Dennis; "I opened the door to take off the child this rainy evening."

"Then let me introduce you to your little domicile," and she threw the door wide open, displaying a room just large enough for a bed, one bureau, a small work-table, and two or three chairs. It looked neatly, with its white bed-drapery and window curtain and its carpet, with its tiny figures of mingled green and white. I entered; Helen followed and closed the door.

"There, sister, (how I love the word,) sit down in this easy-chair, and let me help you undress. You are pale and weary, and I can guess how you feel, leaving all your friends to come and live among us half-civilized country people. And then this getting married, too. I do think a wedding is ten times more solemn than a funeral. I always weep when the ceremony is performed, for I think of the strength of the chain that is then forged. I think I'll never marry."

While she was talking I had turned to the mirror, and was loosening my hair.

"What beautiful hair, Bertha. Let me brush it out for you."

As she came toward me, she caught sight of my face in the glass, and saw that the tears were falling fast.

"Oh, Bertha, darling, I ought not to talk so; I am Job's comforter, after all, as Aunt Paul says."

"Aunt Paul, did you say, Helen? Who do you mean?"

"Oh, Mrs. Dennis, as I suppose Brother Calvin called her; but everybody else calls her 'Aunt Paul,' partly because that was her husband's name, than whom no one could deserve such a cognomen less, and partly because she herself is more like St. Paul than any other church-member we have. Many do not like her; I do. You noticed her great, high head, and her Gibraltar nose. Did you see, too, that she had not a bow, or a superfluous string or button about her—not even a cap to soften her harsh features, though she is seventy years old. I wish you could hear her exhort in meeting. She is the only woman in our church that exhorts, for brother thinks that women should learn in silence; but one might as well have attempted to stop General Jackson, when he had made ready to receive the British at New Orleans, as to stop Aunt Paul when the spirit moves her to do battle with Satan's kingdom. She is an original, I assure you—none of your chicken-hearted Christians, with cant phrases on their tongues and a poor practice in their lives, but a strong-minded, whole-hearted woman, who would walk through the fire without flinching, if it lay in the path of duty. I think you will like Aunt Paul, but I am not so sure that she will love you in return; indeed, I am afraid she will think you a weak little puss, for you do not look a bit as if you could exhort in meeting, make speeches in a sewing-society, or ask a blessing at a full table when your husband is gone."

I turned round inquiringly to Helen: "Is it expected that, as a minister's wife, I must do all these things?"

"Be sure it is, sister Bertha, and many more like them. You must never dress meanly, and never too well; must be versed in theology and understand household economy; have a smattering of medicine, so as to teach young mothers how to manage the whooping-cough and measles; must set a good table at small cost; must gossip with all the old women in the parish on flannel petticoats and herb tea; entertain your husband's clerical friends with the grave matters of church government and the religious operations of the day, and—"

"Stop! stop! I pray you! I did not marry the parish; and if I can only do my duty at home, I shall exceed my own expectations."

"Well, well, darling, only do not look so solemn about it. To-morrow, remember, you belong to me. Now let me put on your nightcap. Is this the one, with the lace border? What a pretty pattern on the crown and front! A ravine, with the fruit and tendrils. I'll try it to-morrow, and have just such a one when—Stop—I'm not going to be married."

"Not to a parish, Helen."

Her merry laugh was sweet as chiming of silver bells.

"Not I, indeed. But don't call me Helen. I am Nellie to you, henceforth. Don't try to read, seeing me open my Bible. 'I'll handle those golden clasps daintily. Now lay your aching head upon your pillow, and I will read. Where shall it be?"

"In John's Gospel, Nellie."

"Here it is. Now lie still, and I will read you to sleep."

No plate could be better than the low, sweet tones of her voice. I closed my eyes and tried to rest. She read till she thought I slept, and then glided silently from the room. From the depths of my heart rose a thanksgiving for this sister.

The reception-evening was quite a brilliant affair in the village. The little parsonage was crowded, and as the bride was not expected to talk much herself, but patiently stand to receive congratulations and answer the commonplace of the day, I got along very well. Mr. Gray was taciturn and sedate as usual. This he deemed necessary to the maintenance of his clerical dignity. Nellie was on the alert to shield me from the tedious gossip of the old, and the rude staring of the young. She engaged Aunt Paul to give the old ladies an account of the ravages of the yellow fever one season in New Orleans, when the old lady went down to nurse her son, who died of the disease. The young people she magnetized toward herself. I was left for a few minutes with a deaf deacon, who, fancying every one else afflicted with his own infirmity, called out to me, in a loud voice:

"Well, I'm dreadful glad our minister has brought home a wife. He'll have somebody now to help him visit the parish. I s'pose some of the gals are awful disappointed; but then, according to Scripture, a minister can't have more than one wife, and I suppose he has a right to pick her up where he pleases. My mother sent her respects and a cheese, and hopes to see you soon at 'Scrabble.'"

I was thinking what reply to make to my singular companion, when my eyes encountered Helen's roguish face at a little distance from us. She was playing "Tivoli" with a trio of little juveniles, but I guessed by her looks that my deaf friend was Deacon Abram, and immediately my reserve thawed, and I determined, for the amusement of the thing, I would be as entertaining as possible; so I inquired all about Scrabble, and the fine farms which that little dell contained; and I made minute inquiries about his mother's health—even going so far as to give my father's receipt for a rheumatic compound. I was happy to be relieved, however, by an old lady with a very gay cap and an exceedingly large nose, who came briskly toward me.

"Mrs. Whitney—Aunt Ruthy," as we call her," said the deacon.

"Yes, yes, the young folks all call me 'Aunt,' and I am aunt to a great many of them, be sure. You see, most of the early settlers came from down below, close to Boston, and were all of them related. I am glad our minister went there for a wife. We ain't the most fashionable sort of folks, and don't live in Boston style; but then there are a great many good people here—yes, some real good folks—do not you think so, Abram?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do; and I've an idea Miss Gray will find it out."

"Indeed, I like Vernon very much—better than Boston."

"Now, you do not say so!" said Aunt Ruthy. "That beats me, after living here forty year. I can't say but I'm happy enough, but it is nothing like Boston. I was very homesick when my old man brought me up here to live on a farm, and I've cried my eyes out."

I thought her eyes must be water-proof, for they were dark and sparkling as a young girl's, though she was seventy years old. She talked abruptly and fast, and was overflowing with good humor.

"You must come and see me. I live at the foot of Mount Ararat, and my husband's name is Noah. Come and see us when you want to get away from the minister's house. You may ride horseback, pick berries and flowers in summer, and nuts in winter."

"But Noah's ark rested upon the top of the mountain, Mrs. Whitney."

"Yes, I know it; but he came down afterwards and turned farmer, you know. They do say there are pieces of the ark on the top now, but I never went up to see. Perhaps you would like to go up. City folks think a great deal more of mountains than we do up here, and you can go away by the wood-road on Dobbin's back. I've heard tell that the prospect was mighty nice up there."

I was quite interested in Aunt Ruthy, and determined to visit Mount Ararat; but as I was about making further inquiries, my husband came toward me with a large, portly gentleman, whom he introduced as Captain John. He was slightly bald, his hair and whiskers well sprinkled with white, but his face full and ruddy with health, and his whole bearing that of a man who was turning from middle life into a green old age. Aunt Ruthy stepped a pace or two back, and looked displeased, and Deacon Abram eyed my husband with a strange look of mingled curiosity and sternness.

"I am happy to see you in Vernon," said the rubicund Captain to me, with a pleasant, fatherly look, as he shook me cordially by the hand. "I am not a member of your husband's parish, and may be considered an intruder into the fold this evening; but being an old friend of your father, I could not deny myself the pleasure of welcoming you to our village."

"I think I have heard my father speak of you, sir, as my best friend, Captain John; but I supposed that your residence was in Cuba."

"You are correct. I left Cuba this last summer, and am at present anchored in this beautiful village, only a stone's throw from the Parsonage, and I hope to see my friend's daughter often at the 'Snug Harbor' of an old sailor. I am glad to trace a resemblance to your mother in your face. You have her hair and eyes—the rest is Lee. Ah! Mrs. Gray, your mother was a noble woman—a dear sister to me. I had no sister of my own, and she supplied the place. I can now hear her pleasant voice saying, 'Remember, brother John, this is your home when you are on shore until you have a wife.' But I must not indulge in these pleasant reminiscences this evening. The members of your husband's parish have the first claim, and I yield precedence to them now, if you will promise to come and talk with the old sailor in his bachelor home."

I readily made that promise. Reader, would not your heart warm toward the man who had kept your mother's memory green for twenty years?

I saw the Captain but once more that evening. A lady who had an invalid husband, and was leaving early that she might not be long absent from him, came to bid me good-evening. "Madam," said the happy old bachelor to the delicate and care-worn lady, "my carriage is at your service; permit me to set you down at your door." She accepted the offer with a grateful smile.

The evening wore away at last, much less wearily than I feared, and we were gathered in the little sitting-room again—Mr. Gray, Aunt Paul, Nellie and myself.

"Now, Sis," said Nellie, "confess that you are tired, and that you consider the people of a country parish a rude and unmannerly set?"

"I confess no such thing. There is more refinement and good breeding than I had hoped for; quite as much as in any miscellaneous gathering in a country parish."

"Oh, Bertha! your mantle of charity is too broad. Why, I heard no less than five ladies speculating upon the price of your silk dress, and one old woman told you she guessed you did not understand housework, your hands were so small and white; one deacon asked you if you ever milked a cow, and another added that he hoped you would set an example of simplicity and plainness of dress, measuring with his eye, as he spoke, your rich lace bertha."

"But I have heard ruder things than these at a city party, Nellie, and I say, sincerely, that I am determined to make friends here, and I have made a commencement already, and struck up a sudden friendship with the youngest deacon."

"Oh, Bertha! and Nellie held up her little plump hands imploringly: "take care, or you will be the death of me, and my last words, 'Et tu, Brute,' will make your heart and enough."

"Helen, take the Bible and read," said Mr. Gray.

"I thought you closed with prayer in the parlor, brother."

"It is no reason why we should omit our customary devotions."

When Aunt Paul and Nellie had retired, Mr. Gray remarked that he was sorry that I had met with our old family friend, the Captain.

"Indeed, Mr. Gray, what can you mean? I thought my father would be delighted, and it seemed very pleasant to meet with one who had known my mother."

"But he is not a member of our church—a mere man of the world, I fear—and as such I do not wish you to meet him often."

"Do you know anything against his personal character, Mr. Gray? Is not he a good citizen and a moral man?"

"I know nothing to the contrary; but he is always merry and light-hearted, as if he had no idea of the sin and suffering in the world. He holds peculiar religious views, too, I believe. You will not need to see him often."

[To be continued.]

ETCHINGS FROM SUNSET LAND.

BY J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

IN all my extensive perambulations and wanderings the wide world over, I have yet to recall to mind a single Californian who did not express it as his aim and hope to some day return and spend the balance of his years under the shadow of the stately Sierras, the eucalypti of Santa Clara, the oranges and lemons of Los Angeles, or the olive and the pepper trees of San Diego. However widely dispersed in foreign lands, whatever the avocations or varying fortunes, the above is the one sentiment that I have always heard expressed by those who had lived long enough in California to consider it their home. And why? It is largely the climate. San Diego in Southern California has been rightly called the Italy of America. It is the land of the orange and the vine, the palm and the pine-apple.

CALIFORNIA'S CLIMATE AND FRUIT.

While telegrams were flashing here from the East, telling us awhile ago of the thermometer registering 105 in Kansas, 103 in St. Louis, and 98 to 100 in Chicago—telling of sunstrokes in New York and Philadelphia by scores—the thermometer here, the highest this season, registered 82 degrees. Old residents inform us that June and January are so nearly alike that they have to think—think twice to distinguish the month of the year.

Peach crops are very large on the Pacific Coast this season, and ranchmen are now very busy with all their available help in gathering them. Apricots and nectarines are about gone. Figs and most delicious grapes are now filling the markets. Orange and lemon trees promise an immense crop. Lemons are now selling at \$3.50 a box. This is surely the fruit-land of America.

SAN DIEGO HERETICS.

Although this city numbers only about twenty thousand, the Sunday morning papers invite the churchily-inclined to listen to Unitarians, Universalists, Spiritualists, Seventh-Day Adventists, Swedenborgians, Free-thinkers, Christian Scientists and Theosophists—take your choice. All, whether sectarists or heretics, teach that goodness and happiness are inseparably connected, and so their preaching all points toward the better heavenly life, as of old all roads led toward Rome. Creeds and Calvinistic dogmas have had their day. They are now theological cadavers awaiting burial. Only semi-idiot will mourn.

JINDA RAM.

If Metempsychosis be true, I am certain that away in remote antiquity I was a Brahmin, for I have a profound admiration of Hindu scenery, the Hindu character and Brahminical metaphysics.

Recently there came to San Diego a Vedie missionary, and lawyer by profession, Mr. Jinda Ram. He came to enlighten western people in regard to the doctrines of the Vedas and Upanishads, the purposes of the Arya Samaj, and more especially to secure funds for the education of Hindu girls and the emancipation of women. He applied for a hearing in the Methodist Church, but was refused because he was "not a Christian." He asked of the Universalist and Unitarian churches a hearing in behalf of Hindu women and children, and was refused, not by the pastors, but by the committees of these churches. And so he secured the use of the Spiritualists' Hall, and was greeted by a large and intelligent audience. His voice was musical and his lecture excellent, considering his imperfect knowledge of the English language. A thorough scholar, and well versed in Vedie literature, he pronounced the Mahatmas of the Himalayas and Thibet "elemental imaginations." And this reminds me that Mr. Judge of New York pronounced Spiritualism "devil worship." Why are Theosophists such bitter haters of Spiritualism? Do they not remember that New

York Spiritualists cradled the Theosophists babe, as they do not know that I was present at its birth, at the Eddy-Medlums' house in Vermont, Col. Ololett and Madam Blavatsky both being present. There was serious talk of strangling this deformed child at birth—but fleeing to India it was spared. What that is now—absolutely new—has Theosophy taught the world that is true—demonstrably true? All the proofs it has of a future existence it owes to Spiritualism.

RECEPTION BY THE LITERARY CLUB.

Trusts and clubs are among the characteristics of this generation. Soon after reaching San Diego—city of twenty thousand and by the sea—getting somewhat rested and partially settled, the members of "The Literary Club," through Mr. and Mrs. Busheyhead, gave me a most enjoyable reception at their elegant and imposing residence overlooking the Bay, Point Loma, Coronado, and some of the Isles of the ocean. All present were people of refinement and culture. The conversation was social and educational; and the refreshments so generously tendered by Mrs. Busheyhead—ice creams, fruits, cakes, etc.—were as delicious as they were plentiful.

Long known as a Spiritualist and worker in the field of progress, Mrs. Busheyhead has in press a small book entitled—"The Truth." It is upon Spiritualism, and the advance sheets show it to be sensible, practical and philosophical.

Among the distinguished personages at this reception were Mrs. Warren Kimball, author, and writer for the press; Mrs. Rosa Hartwick, author of "The Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight"; Mrs. M. M. Wagner, writer of "The Liberty Bell," read at the opening of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago; Mrs. Beatrice Harraden, author of "Ships that Pass in the Night," and other popular works; Mrs. Steinhilber, who wrote that exhaustive work upon the Utah Mormons, and which was published in London under the title, "Tell It All"; Dr. P. C. Remondino, editor and proprietor of "The National Popular Review," and author of several medical books; Mrs. Rev. Amanda Deyo, pastor of the Universalist Church; Mr. M. E. Day, artist, and author of "The Souvenir of California"; Miss Estelle Thompson, author of many charming poems; Jinda Ram, the Hindu Missionary and Vedie scholar; Mrs. D. P. Hale, author of "Dream Neath the Pepper Tree" and other beautiful poems. There were also present others noted in the fields of science and literature.

THE BRIDGE BETWEEN THE TWO WORLDS.

Could there be a more apt or more telling title? The title has sold many books, especially silly novels; but here is a sensible, solid and instructive volume upon what may be termed the higher aspects of Spiritualism, from the facile pen of Miss Judson, daughter of the Burmese Baptist Missionary Judson. The book treats of spirit-phenomena, terrestrial and celestial magnetism, the spiritual body, the spiritual world, the nature of the soul and some of this lady's experiences with the denizens of the spiritual world. It also treats of mediumship, and how to secure the highest forms of this gift—a gift which rightly used tends to the growth and spiritual development of the intellectual and moral nature. I was pleased to see this book of Miss Judson so handsomely reviewed in the BANNER OF LIGHT, that with malice toward none ever seeks to benefit and build up Spiritualism.

My address henceforth is San Diego, Cal.

Platform Echoes.

Cassadaga Lake Camp, N. Y.

On Sunday, Aug. 19th, Mrs. H. S. Lake gave a very brilliant discourse in the morning upon the topic, "Spiritualism in Its Relations to the World's Ills." Several other questions which were sent up by the audience were interwoven with the one above named.

Mrs. Lake possesses a personality wholly her own, and a phraseology at once unique, forcible and logical. She makes a few words express her meaning, and any sentence is a rounded-out that her hearers become charmed, not only with her line of reasoning, but with her characteristic manner of presenting her thought.

"Unfortunately, man is so constituted that his prejudices are likely to modify his conclusions upon all subjects; and, in consequence of this fact, it is exceedingly difficult to arrive at a fair apprehension of the ultimate truth."

As Spiritualists, it behooves us to be modest, because the universe which is revealed by modern phenomena is so immense, and traversed by so many laws, that the human mind seems hardly able to comprehend so much. Modern Spiritualism presents for the first time in the annals of history a copious influx from the eternal spheres; but, unless we make an application of the doctrine of the phenomena, they are of little service to us in spiritual unfoldment. The fact to us is really serviceable only when it builds within the mind a larger range of vision.

A man's immortality cannot be greater than himself; his immortality is based on his ability to unfold eternal faculty. In a time world like this, the faculty of mundane sense brings us into relation with an environment limited and imperfect. When these senses are torn away, if other faculty is not supplied or grown, there is no possibility of relating the ego to a larger range of being. Those who live upon the lower plane, the plane of force, of animal expression, fail to evolve these supersensuous faculties; while the spiritual man or woman gains an ampler life while dwelling here, and enters, by the death event, an immortality assured by this. On this plane of exorcise, an understanding of God's and man's relation to his fellows must necessarily enlarge.

Between the rights of society and the rights of the individual there is a constant conflict, and the numerous ills which surround us are frequently due to a misunderstanding of liberty. There is no real way to eliminate these ills save by revolutionizing the man, rather than to attack the system.

We destroy our fellows by thought as well as by drink. More drunkenness is caused by poverty than poverty by drunkenness. Ills and evils are no less potent because imperceptible to the human eye. Evils and ills in the system known as marriage, whether existent in India or America, are the product of a condition of coloration which is provided for in a contract entered upon often without understanding, and to be continued without regard to consequences. The ceremony of marriage is the letter, it is not the spirit of the law. There is no real marriage save the marriage of the spirit.

All human relationships and interests are subject to the vicissitudes of the spirit. Disease and health are fluctuating factors in life's being, for none can be well when indulging in evil thoughts, or surrounded by untoward environment.

Millions of mankind are too weak to conquer their environment, but are conquered thereby; and expression of the spirit is thus deferred.

Spiritualism does not come as a mere mechanism to demonstrate the fact that our departed ones still live, but as a philosophy which enables us to overcome all ills by understanding their origin. Panoplied in truth and justice, we may conquer all below. Do not lament these chaotic states; they are the nebulae for forming better. Never were brighter

or prospects for spiritual advancement than the present holds. Press forward, fainting heart, the light is dawning! God's messengers are born of human conquests. We will rise on wings of truth, and claim our immortality."

"Woman's Day" was successfully celebrated at Lily Dale on Aug. 22d. Over two thousand people arrived on the regular trains, and presumably another thousand upon the excursion trains.

Flags and yellow ribbons and bunting were floating from porches, balconies, windows and every place where there was room to put them; and the man or woman who was minus the suffrage badge was below par in the estimation of Lily Dale.

Chairman Barrett opened the session by a well-worded address of welcome to the suffragists who had come to Cassadaga for their annual celebration. He said the suffrage movement was born the same year and simultaneously with the Rochester knockings, the beginning of Modern Spiritualism, and that Spiritualism embraced every movement that is for liberty and equal rights.

Mrs. E. R. Clark of Stockton was then introduced as the Chairwoman of the day, and made a well worded reply to Mr. Barrett's address of welcome.

Miss Susan B. Anthony was then introduced. She said she was glad to be here at this camp, which has always been abreast in every work of reform. If as much had been done by the Methodists, Baptists or Episcopalians as had been done by the Spiritualists, there would not have been paper enough or ink enough or tongues enough to have written and spoken their praises. "But," said she, "it is impossible for us to offer our thanks to Spiritualists without being doubly damaged, for they are just as unpopular as the suffragists."

Miss Anthony spoke of the defeat of the woman's suffrage before the State Convention the present year, at which time a petition of half a million names was presented. She termed it a Bunker Hill defeat, not a Waterloo defeat—which means that they are gathering up their forces for a reorganization and an attack on the Legislature, and that they expect to win. The campaign is to begin at once, and intended to roll up another half-million of names.

The audience was awed greatly beyond the capacity of the Pavilion in the afternoon, and round after round of applause was given Rev. Anna Shaw as she poured forth eloquence, logic and wit. She said she always liked to stand upon the Cassadaga platform, for she felt perfectly safe. "There is no penalty for heretics in Lily Dale," said she, "and you could not turn me out of your church if you wanted to."

The famous North-Western Orchestra discoursed its most soul-stirring selections, and the choir sang patriotic airs. Upon the rostrum were many veteran suffragists and Spiritualists, who, it has been discovered, go hand in hand in the march of progress. Among them were Mrs. Maria H. Skidmore, Mrs. R. S. Morris and Mrs. Sarah Anthony Burkie, the oldest living suffragist and Spiritualist. Three thousand tickets were sold during the day.

At the grand dance in the Pavilion in the evening the women reigned supreme. One hundred and fifty dance tickets were sold, and the grand march in the beginning, headed by Miss Anthony and Miss Shaw, was a pretty sight.

The camp was again treated to a flying visit from Hon. A. B. French on Thursday, and he was welcomed to the rostrum by the applause of hosts of admirers—many of them friends of the long ago, who have known him intimately and who have followed him with sympathetic and appreciative hearts through all his varied trials and triumphs.

Mr. French opened his discourse by saying that he had been identified with this camp and had stood upon its rostrum some portion of the time each year for eleven years. He had spoken here when a hemlock stump was the covering. Somehow he loved to watch the public pulse, and he was proud and happy to confess that during his brief visit here this year he had found the people thinking more deeply, more broadly and more earnestly than he had found elsewhere. Nowhere had he met people so thoroughly in earnest—so imbued with the spirit of fraternal love.

Several questions of importance had been put to him since coming on the grounds, and he would take the opportunity to answer some of them publicly. One was "What do you think of the National Organization?" In answer to which Mr. French said: "I think well of it. Nature accomplishes everything by organization, and wherever there is a lack of it there is disintegration. I do not belong to that class of beings who want no cooperation. The National Organization cannot fail of doing a good work. I believe that our friends who called the convention builded wiser than they knew. There are fields to day waiting and ripening for the sickle."

He had recently been at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., and gave a glowing description of its natural scenery and resources. He said the people there were ready and anxious to turn the camp over to the National Organization, and would, probably, when the next convention meets. "The success of the organization," said he, "depends wholly upon the Spiritualists, and if they have not interest enough and energy enough to put their shoulders to the wheel and move it forward, they do not deserve success."

In answer to the question "Do you believe in reincarnation?" Mr. French said, in substance, that he looked upon it as a question which is beyond the domain of logic. He thought the theory would somewhat militate against the doctrine of Nature, as generally understood. "To me," said the speaker, "there is more mystery behind the oracle than beyond the coffee-pot."

Another question was: "Why do you not show the defects of the prevailing religious teachings, instead of eulogizing them?"

"Because," said he, "I consider it ignoble. The cheapest and meanest work in the world is to pose as a fault-finder. The era of negation is past. The era of affirmation is here. We do not want iconoclasts; we want builders, and philosophers and teachers of the higher life."

The speaker mentioned with deep emotion a message he had received, while here, from his son, who had passed out under the most trying circumstances. He said that one brief message which proved the identity of that son, in whom were centered his hopes, his ambitions and his love, was of more value to him than all the sermons and all the wealth in the higher life.

In answer to the question "Do you believe our Republic is a failure?" the speaker's eloquence rose to its sublimest height. He did not believe an institution so grand as our Republic could be destroyed. "Even if it were possible," said he, "that this Republic should die to-night, historians would always point to it as the brightest spot in the world's history. The world has only just begun a career of progress, and though it must needs pass through darkness and struggles the right will come uppermost and justice will be done."

It was asked: "Will the world ever have a universal religion?" In answer to which the speaker elaborated the fact that we are building, every day, the universal religion which is the universal brotherhood of man.

The oration was grand, tender, eloquent and sublime, and moved many of the audience to tears.

ORPHEA E. TOUSEY.

Judge—"The evidence against you is insufficient, and the jury finds you not guilty of stealing the overcoat; you are discharged." Uncle Abe—"Tank yo, Judge, tank yo. Now dat obercoat o' mine, kin I wah it daytimes?"—Truth.

Peculiar to Itself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar to itself, in a strictly medicinal sense, in three important particulars, viz., first, in the combination of remedial agents used; second, in the proportion in which they are mixed; third, in the process by which the active curative properties of the preparation are secured. These three important points make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar in its medicinal merit, as it accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

But it is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. What Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others is reason for confidence that it is the medicine for you.

Written for the Banner of Light.
DEBIRE.

BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERS.

What is the something, ever in the wake
Of the soul's journey—like a phantom bird
Forever from its billow nest bestirred,
That plumes its wings? It must be souls would make
A higher flight, above life's stormy sea;
Wind-tossed and beaten by its surging waves;
How else should come the blessedness it craves,
And the fruition of the bliss to be?

Come, then, oh! pure desire, on thy white wings.
Duty is sweet; thoughtful of others' good,
Life has no burden in the final sum.
For, if another to our garment clings,
And so is lifted, then 't is understood
How pure desire makes life a heaven become.

Original Essay.

PSYCHIC GLEANINGS:

"The Higher Aspects of Spiritualism."

BY ALBERT MORTON.

NO. VII.

AMONG the earnest seekers after spiritual truths, none have been more zealous and intelligent than W. Stainton Moses, and his writings, both automatic and normal, convey a vast amount of spiritual instruction, indispensable to those desirous of information on this grand subject. The following excerpts (omissions necessary for condensation not noted) are from "Spirit Teachings," given through the automatic writing of Mr. Moses by his guide "IMPERATOR," who said:

"The theological story of a fall from a state of purity to a state of sin, as usually detailed and accepted, is misleading. Few, perhaps, even of those among you who have pondered on the subject, have not given up all attempts to reconcile with reason so distorted a legend. You may better direct your attention for the present to man's condition as an incarnated spirit, and seek to learn how progressive development, in obedience to the laws which govern him, leads to happiness in the present and advancement in the immediate future. The far-off spheres, into which only the refined and purified can enter, you may leave in their seclusion. Sufficient for you know that they unfold their portals only to the blessed ones, and that you and all may be ranked within them after due preparation and development."

It is more important that we speak of man's duty and work in the earth-life. This being, temporarily enshrined in the body of earth, we regard as a conscious, responsible intelligence, with duties to perform, with responsibilities, with capacities, with accountability, and with power to progress or regress. The incarnated spirit has its conscience, rude frequently and undeveloped, of inherent right and wrong. It has its opportunities of development, its degrees of probation, its phases of training and its helps in progression, if it will use them. Man, as a responsible, spiritual being, has duties which concern himself, his fellow-men, and his God.

The influence of spirit upon spirit is only now (1873) beginning to be recognized among men; yet therein lies some of the mightiest helps and bars to human progress. For the present we may sum up man's highest duty as a spiritual entity in the word PROGRESS—in knowledge of himself, and of all that makes for spiritual development. The duty of man, considered as an intellectual being, possessed of mind and intelligence, is summed up in the word CULTURE in all its infinite ramifications; not in one direction only, but in all; not for earthly aims alone, but for the grand purpose of developing the faculties which are to be perpetuated in endless development. Man's duty to himself as a spirit incarnated in a body of flesh is PURITY in thought, word and act. In these three words, Progress, Culture, Purity, we roughly sum up man's duty to himself as a spiritual, an intellectual and a corporeal being.

Respecting the duty which man owes to the race of which he is a unit, to the community of which he is a member, we strive again to crystallize into one word the central idea which should animate him. That word is CHARITY. Tolerance for divergence of opinion; charitable construction of doubtful words and deeds; kindness in intercourse; readiness to help, without desire for recompense; courtesy and gentleness of demeanor; patience under misrepresentation; honesty and integrity of purpose, tempered by loving kindness and forbearance; sympathy with sorrow; mercy, pity and tenderness of heart; respect for authority in its sphere, and respect for the rights of the weak and frail; these and kindred qualities, which are the very essence of the Christ-like character, we sum up in the one word Charity, or Active Love.

The religion which we teach is one of acts and habits, not of words and faithful faith. We teach religion of body and religion of soul; a religion pure, progressive and true; one that aims at no finality, but leads its votary higher and higher through the ages, until the dross of earth is purged away, the spiritual nature is refined and sublimated. In this religion you will find no place for sloth and carelessness. The note of spirit-teaching is earnestness and zeal. In it you will find no abiding of the consequences of acts. Such abiding is impossible. Sin carries with it its own punishment. Nor will you find a convenient substitute on whose shoulders you may bind the burdens which you have prepared. Your own back must bear them, and your own spirit groan under their weight. Neither will you find encouragement to live a life of animal sensuality and brutish selfishness. In the hope that an Orthodox heret will hide your debased life, and that faith will throw a veil over impurity. You will gain mercy when you have deserved it; or rather repentance and amendment, purity and sincerity, truth and progress will bring their own reward. You will not then require either mercy or pity. This is the religion of body and spirit which we proclaim."

Herein we are taught that Spiritualism demands of its votaries higher morality than Orthodox Christianity, for it opens no doors for easy escape from purgatory by the purchase of masses from priests; nor does it delude us with the hope that after a life of selfish indulgence we may, by eleventh-hour repentance, atone for our sins, of omission or commission, by bathing in the blood of a lamb; no blood or sacrifice of others will cleanse us—we must reap as we sow, and if we sow seed mixed with tares we reap a sorry mixture.

Belief in the phenomena presented by the harmonious movements of the stellar bodies is not evidence that the believer is an astronomer; no more does the acceptance of belief in the phenomena of spirit-power and communion with its unseen directors indicate that the believer has developed in spiritualism. Many mere phenomenologists, whose lives have not been made purer by the knowledge of the truth of spirit communion, have not developed beyond the condition of their spirit-affinity, the "heavenly Chinese," who brays his hideous horns and clanks his discordant cymbals to soave away the devils in pursuit of the spirit of the cadaver en route to the cemetery.

Verily the discordant shriekings of those who live in fear of evil spirits are on a spiritual (?) plane with those whose water-moon money in the streets to divert the devil's attention. One of the purest Spiritualists of the present century said: "If you meet no gods it is because you harbor none;" the converse is equally as true—"If you meet devils it is because you invite their company. If they, unconsciously to yourself perhaps, slip into your presence in an un-

guarded hour, they will speedily depart if the conditions are found uncongenial.

The true Spiritualist is he who lives a life marked by spirituality; such Spiritualists are blessings to humanity; beacons to the mariners on life's stormy sea, and their examples and influence, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, extend like benedictions to other kindred souls, lighting the way up the heights.

Eminent among those beacon-lights stands forth WILLIAM STAINTON MOSES (M. A. Oxon), who passed to the higher life Sept. 25th, 1892, leaving a void in the ranks of writers for the elevation of the Cause of Spiritualism which it is improbable will be filled within the present generation. No medium and writer has done as much to remove the stigma attached to the Cause of Spiritualism in England by the mercenary tricksters and frauds who cling to its skirts everywhere. He was a Chevalier Bayard, sans peur, sans reproche, a tower of strength to the timid, a beacon of light to the seekers of higher light, combining in a measure never before found among the workers for Modern Spiritualism the attainments of a highly cultured normal writer, fearless and true; a highly developed medium in a vast range of phases—automatic and direct writing, rapping, movement of physical objects, the passage of matter through matter, the production of spirit-perfumes, etc., and trance-speaking in the most cultured and eloquent forms. His purity of life, self-sacrificing and continuous labors for humanity and high standing among people of culture and social position, was a constant denial of the slanderous charges frequently avowed, that physical mediumship indicates a low order of mentality and morality, and of necessity attracts the control of low spirits. His grandeur of soul gave the lie to the orthodox claim that Spiritualism is "the work of the devil"—the all-sufficient answer to that absurdity was to point to the purity of life and high attainments of this medium. If he was an agent of their satanic majesty, let us pray for an army of such devil-servers to cultivate our waste places.

This brief and imperfect sketch may be better closed by the tributes of Mr. Moses's personal acquaintances. At a meeting of the London Society for Psychical Research, March 9th, 1894, the eminent scientist, F. W. H. Myers, said:

"In the cases of Swedenborg, of Judge Edmonds, of the Seeress of Prevorst, of Home, and lastly of Stainton Moses, there are confirming facts in support of the claim of independent action of outside intelligences. Next to Swedenborg, there was in the experience of Mr. Moses the largest and most consistent series of teachings given to the world in this psychological manner."

I cannot better close this feeble but heartfelt tribute to my beloved spirit-friend and brother than by adding the lines accompanying the memorial card, "In affectionate memory of William Stainton Moses (M. A. Oxon), editor of *Light*, and First President of the London Spiritualist Alliance":

"Memories all too bright for tears
Crowd around us from the past;
Faithful toiled he to the last—
Faithful through unflagging years.
Dying, he can never die;
To the dust he has not give;
In our hearts his heart shall live,
Moving, guiding, working aye."

Summerland, Cal.

Onset, Mass.

BY LUTHER R. MARSH.

Onset sits like a queen on the rounded beach of Onset Bay. The bay itself is an append to the great Buzzard; stretching inland some four or five miles, carrying with it the salt water and ocean breeze, subdued and modified, and yet charged with healing powers. Buzzard's Bay, he it is known, is no small reservoir, but calls on the ocean to fill, with its surplus, a space of land-depression eight by thirty miles; and it has decked its borders with many a famous town: Wareham (you are ostracised if you don't put an emphasis on the last syllable), Mattapoisett, Marion, Bourne, Fairhaven, and the city of Whalers, old New Bedford. The view up Onset Bay is entrancing to the village of Monument Beach, at the opposite end, to the towers of Gray Gables, on whose porches Ruth Cleveland now plays her gambols; along the sunny sides of the Bay, oft interspersed with pleasing architecture, till you come down to Wicket's Island—a radiant emerald gem, in its glided setting—which divides the bay, and on either side of which skiffs and sail-boats and steamers constantly come and go. Onset Bay is of the right size—not too large to be handled and enjoyed. It has a fringe of trees, which is rare for the sandy season. Almost continually there comes the fragrance of the kelp. Indeed, the ocean air need not go up Buzzard's Bay and then turn up right angles into Onset Bay, and then down to it to reach you, but it may cross, more directly, over the land, and bring the saline particles ere they are aware that they have left their native bed.

Till within some twenty years or so, Onset was practically undiscovered. The Indians—the Wampanoags—knew of it, in former times, and near it planted their huts, and called the village Agawam. This was within the borders of ancient Wareham. Massachusetts was King, one of the noblest Red Men—a man whose stern integrity would do honor to any race; a very Aristotle. The Pilgrims, pilgrims entered into treaty stipulations with this royal ruler, and he kept his agreement sacredly. "Not many generations ago," as the poet-pen of Charles Sprague puts it, where the campers now sit, "circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unseared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that now rolls over their heads, the Indian hunter yawned the panther, and gazing on the same moon that smiles for them, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and the helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and the daring."

Occasionally some token is found of its former occupants. Its aboriginal name was "Onset," in commemoration of the virtues of an honored chief, but the whites have cut it down to Onset.

In 1876, a company of far-seeing men purchased the tract bordering the end of the bay; formed a company, became incorporated, and this new entity, "The Onset Bay Grove Association," started off on its corporate existence. Famous it has since become, and thither, every summer, tend the footsteps of those who would mingle the evidences of their common life, and bring the attesting proof that spirits, discerned and mortals, incarnated, can commune together.

Pleasant places all around are in abundance. An hour or so's ride along old Buzzard brings you to Falmouth, whence, looking over Nantucket Sound, the lovely abodes of Cottage City gleam on the view. Take this steamer and visit Nantucket, and Martha's Vineyard. Would you pay your respects to the Hux? It is a short and easy ride. Plymouth and the pilgrim-rook! Close by. Take in Marshfield, if you will, and pause at the tomb of the great. There moulders the mortal frame of the Defender. There lie the meadows he loved to wander over; the waters he so often trod in, while inspirations swept in upon him. The Colonel R. B. meadows all around, and will take you everywhere; and the ocean beckons you to trust its waves. It is a favored spot.

Maybe you would like to run down for a day to New Bedford, or to Newport, or up to Old

Orchard and to Portland. Well, the road, by sea or land, is not blocked in any direction. If you feel like saying, "I will remain quietly here, Onset is good enough for me," then lie down anywhere on the clean white sand and rest. Let the fragrance of the juniper and the sweet fern entrance your sense; while the white canvas seduces the wind, and, all north or south, or east or west, it can always manage so to veer and beat as to puff the swelling sail. Birds of many a colored wing, shrill-voiced or full-throated, fly from branch to branch, and "music melts on every spray."

Go down if you will to the hard beach; see what the surf heaves in; watch the fiddlers as they scramble away; dig in the sand and reveal the thoughtless clam, so deeply hidden and yet so insecure; play with Nature in her moods, or merry or sedate; inhale the crisp and stimulating air that has come over a thousand miles of sea, and dropped by the way every particle of impurity; and be thou thankful to the Great Father for his "wonderful goodness to the children of men."

One peculiarity of Onset is its freedom. Fences do not distract you. If your neighbor's lot lies in your path, cross it at any angle you please. The imprint of your footstep on the sand is not forbidden. Pleasant little by-paths lead in all directions; and, go here, go there, the neat, dry sand leaves no mark upon your sandals. A rain, however, or profuse, does not keep you indoors after the last drop has fallen; for, rage as *Jupiter Pluvius* may, the insatiable sands instantly drink up the down-pour, and you may walk out as dry shod as Moses was in the forsaken bed of the Red Sea.

In October comes the "Festival of the Harvest Moon." All is done that can be thought of to honor the memories of those whose mortal chains pressed these sands "long time ago." Indian tokens of every kind give variety to the scene. Wigwags are adorned, feasts and streamers attract the eye; the great hall is decorated with the part-colored woodlands have given up their draperies of brown and green, the flaming woodbine and crimson maple decorate the Temple; robes of the buffalo shelter the tents, and all the bounties of the gardens—grapes and grapes, corn and apples, long-necked squashes and round-bellied pumpkins (oh, so suggestive), and flowers that rival the rainbow, are piled and arranged in all the negligence and profusion of Nature, and all the precision and picturesqueness of Art.

Banner Correspondence.

Our friends in every part of the country are earnestly invited to forward brief letters, items of local news, etc., for use in this department.

Illinois.

GENESE. — A correspondent writes that "White Rose" (J. C. F. Grumbine) having resigned his post as Unitarian minister at this place and entered the spiritual field; and having been unfolded for the purpose by the spirit-world as an inspirational speaker and medium, is now arranging his program of engagements with spiritual societies for the coming season, 1894 and '95. His guides are of a high order of intelligence.

Spiritual societies can make engagements with him for Sunday or week-day work. Societies in the South and West, as well as in the East, may find endorsement of what is here said by consulting the President and other officers of the "Twin City Camp" at Michigan, at which camp Mr. Grumbine, who was introduced to the Spiritualists of the great Northwest by that eloquent lecturer, Willard J. Hull, gave a lecture under the inspiration of Spirit Elizabeth Barrett Browning on "The Source of All Light and its Outflowing Power and Expression in All Worlds."

All letters should be addressed to White Rose, Geneseo, Ill., or care C. H. Horine, Union Stock Yards, Chicago. He gives psychometric readings and clairvoyant tests."

Connecticut.

WEST WINSTED. — Lewis Andrews writes: "My mother, when a young lady living in Danbury, Conn., about the year 1794, had an experience which startled the whole community. An intimate lady friend of hers had then recently passed from earth-life. Some weeks after, my mother was riding on horse back into the country to visit some friends. Passing through a forest, she came to a clearing with a rail fence next to the road. On her return, being about half way through the clearing, she saw a lady sitting on the top rail of this fence; as she neared the figure, which was sitting with its face to the road, she discovered it to be her dear friend who had then recently passed on. She was terrified—put whip to the horse, and fled for home. My mother passed away at the age of seventy-two years. Her last request to me was: 'Lewis, come often to my grave; my spirit will be there to bless you!'"

District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON. — S. M. Baldwin writes, Aug. 28th: "Clark Mills made for me the bust of Thomas Paine, as painted by Jarvis in 1803; I gave it to the First Society to decorate the room when Mrs. H. H. lectured here last May; and will let the N. S. A. have it during the coming October convention. Sculptor Clark Mills made this bust for me about twelve years ago. It is the only one in the United States made by him. It is much admired."

Ohio.

GENEVA. — Edwin A. Swett, Secretary, writes: "The Geneva Spiritualists have made an advancement. At a business meeting held at the residence of the President, Mr. L. E. Hancock, the Rev. Carrie C. Van Duzee was elected by a unanimous vote pastor of the First Spiritualists' Society of this place. Thus showing due respect and high regard for Mrs. V. and her worthy and faithful guides."

To Help Sick Women.

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done for me.

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"One evening I read in the 'Herald' about this medicine. I went to the druggist, got some, and took 2 bottles of the Compound, and used one of the Sanative Wash."

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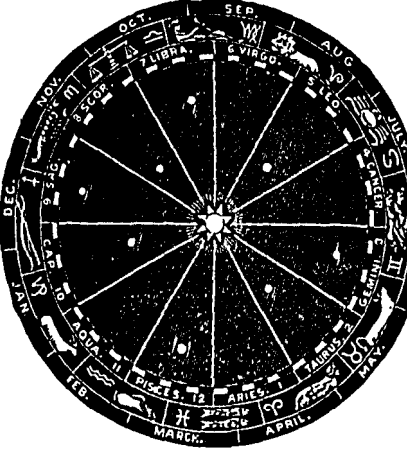
—Mrs. Ida Casler, 126 Olive St., Syracuse, N. Y.



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Mr. R., although not at the time a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, has given a fearless and vigorous defense of the reality of the PHENOMENA of Spiritualism. Having received from the hands of a friend just returned from Cassadaga Lake a communication addressed to him from a dear to him in spirit-life, he was induced to visit the Lake, and went with a firm belief that he should be able to solve the mystery and expose the fraud. His experience there convinced him of the genuineness of at least a portion of the phenomenal part of Spiritualism, and he accordingly wrote his *Open Letter to the Seybert Commission*, a document which aroused the interest and admiration of the best minds. Once convinced that the so-called spirit manifestations do occur in many instances where fraud is out of the question, he gallantly and fearlessly comes to the front and wields his weapons with strong, unerring aim in defense of truth and human progress.

After a happy and appropriate introduction of the subject, with all useful explanations concerning the request of Mr. Seybert, the author gives in the first Chapter his "Open Letter to the Seybert Commission," Chapters II, III, and IV are devoted to a searching criticism of the Report of the Seybert Commission; Chapter V treats ably of the Bible on Spiritualism; Chapter VI has for its motto "In my Father's House are Many Mansions"; Chapter VII contains C. C. Massey's *Open Letter to "Zolner"* to Professor George B. Fuller; Chapter VIII, gives an incident which took place in 1884 at a meeting of the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," with remarks made on that occasion by Professor Robert Hare, etc.; Chapter IX consists of the "Report of the London Dialectical Society" made in 1889; Chapter X gives Professor Crookes's testimony on "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism"; Chapter XI gives further testimony from two witnesses; Chapter XII, "Summary," and the Prospectus, close the volume.

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While thanking its regular subscribers for their continued patronage, THE BANNER's publishers desire that this journal, which is devoted to the spiritual movement, as well as to secular reforms in behalf of our common humanity, shall receive ample support from the public at large.

COLBY & RICH.

Volume Seventy-Six.

The readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT turn the pages, in the present number of the paper, of a new Volume. Many of them have lived to do it a great many times. THE BANNER starts on no different career on such an occasion from that which it has faithfully pursued from the beginning. It is not necessary, therefore, to utter any new pledges and frame any new promises at this particular time. The old is becoming the new continually, and what has been done by THE BANNER in the long past will continue to be done in the future, in a fresh spirit and with constantly revived energy of purpose. It hardly need put forth any new promises, where all the time it is engaged in performance. Nor is it any more necessary to make special reference to the present standing of Spiritualism before the world. It is no longer a Cause requiring either advocacy or defense. Its representatives are engaged more actively than ever in the high and holy work they have chosen as their own. With all the inharmonies prevalent in the ranks—as it must be admitted that it does exist—the Cause is in no danger of suffering more than temporary and fleeting harm. It is never spirit that receives wounds, but that which is material only and unreal.

No words are more appropriate and fit, for the reason that none are more necessary, in opening a new volume of THE BANNER, than those which contain an appeal, directly and earnestly, to the spiritualistic public to come up in a solid body at this time to the substantial pecuniary support of its publishers in the successful continuation of the work in which they have been so long engaged.

Dr. Holmes, on his very recent birthday, called himself eighty-five years young; so is THE BANNER seventy-six volumes young, and will become ever more and more young and alive under the influences that are now invoked for its support.

How to Secure Rest.

"The Secret of Rest," formed the theme of a recent pulpit discourse by Rev. Mr. Savage, in which occurs a series of striking and timely thoughts for every one to take home into the conduct of his and her own life. In considering the burdens that weigh us down, and the common things that trouble us, disturb our peace, and prevent our attaining our natural and normal rest, he proposed nothing like an universal panacea, nor any prescription for one that would work for all. He simply sought to suggest the way in which we might find a relative peace, greater than that which the most of us are accustomed to enjoy.

First, come the world-weary who suffer from ennui, feeling that life is unsatisfactory, that all things are hollow and empty, that life is not worth the living, and that they would perhaps be glad to lay down the burden of existence altogether. Not those who have worn them-

selves out in labor for mankind; they are never weary, much less do they make complaint; those who labor unselfishly for others never belong to this world-weary class. But those who take refuge in solitude, who become pessimists, who find no meaning in life—more generally the well-to-do and prosperous, the ones who have never done anything for their fellow-men, that have no high motive, no grand purpose in life! He knew a rich man here in Boston, whom he frequently met; with the saddest face he ever saw; no gleam of hope in the eyes, a face kindled with no high purpose. He had never known of his thinking of anybody else, caring for anybody else, or doing anything for anybody else.

Next come the men and women who in this modern world carry such a burden of responsibility for the course of the world; the world's great problems lay upon their brains. Or those people who are in perpetual worry over their households and children, instead of having their simple joy day by day. Then, again, the people who are haunted by an ideal of their own characters and attainments, which, instead of being a stimulus, becomes discouragement and despair. And, finally, those who die many deaths in fearing the inevitable and natural one; who all their lives long find a shadow overhanging them.

The first thing for us to do is to find for ourselves a purpose in life—to have an unfaltering trust in the meaning of our lives. This is the true secret of rest. We find, in studying this universe, not only power but order, down even to the minutest thing—order so perfect that the disorderly displacement of a single grain of sand would lead to the belief that the Almighty grasp was lessened. We are all of us children of the loving Infinite Spirit, and we have demonstration that death is only a process of life.

We have reason for rest, then, in those great transcendent realities which are not superstition, nor groundless faith, but which find a strong basis in the reason and order of things. If life seems futile, and poor and thin, let us link ourselves with something that is worth doing. Forget yourself, and your own hollow, futile, poor life, and become a part of some great world-wide, Godward-tending cause; and so you will find that life is worth living.

Synthetic Chemistry.

Prof. Berthelot of Paris is a firm believer in the fabrication of the staples of human food in the chemist's laboratory, and the possible extinction thereby of the whole industry of agriculture. He holds that synthetic chemistry offers the certain evidence of the discovery and manufacture of many compounds now entirely unknown, whose effect upon human health, human life and human happiness no one can possibly conjecture. Given certain sources of energy, the artificial production of food will become a much simpler problem, and will fall into the hands of chemistry. The hard preliminary work is done. The Professor claims to have accomplished the synthesis of the fats and oils years ago. That of the sugars and carbohydrates is the study of the present time, and that of the nitrogenous compounds is not far off. What the animals and vegetables have produced through the energy of nature, we shall produce as well, if not better, by our study of nature's laws.

Strange though it may seem, the day will come when man will sit down to dine from his toothsome tablet of nitrogenous matter, his portions of savory fat, his rolls of starch compounds, his careful of aromatic spices, and his bottles of wine or spirits, which have all been economically manufactured in his own factories, independent of irregular seasons, unaffected by frost, and free from the microbes with which ever-generous nature sometimes modifies the value of her gifts. All this will be due to chemistry and her sister science, physics. If one chooses to base dreams, prophetic fancies, upon the facts of the present time, and that of the nitrogenous compounds is not far off. What the animals and vegetables have produced through the energy of nature, we shall produce as well, if not better, by our study of nature's laws.

Man should grow in sweetness and nobility, because he will have done with war, with existence based on the slaughter of beasts. Perhaps synthetic chemistry, or what we might call spiritual chemistry, will develop means to alter man's moral nature as profoundly as material chemistry will change the conditions of his environment. There is no fear that art, beauty and the charm of human existence are destined to disappear. If the surface of the earth is no longer divided and disfigured by the geometrical devices of agriculture, it will regain its natural verdure of woods and flowers. Men becoming familiar with the principles and responsibilities of self-government, they will be more easily governed. The favored portions of the earth will become vast gardens, in which the human race will dwell amid a peace, a luxury and an abundance recalling the Golden Age of legendary lore.

These are dreams, as admitted by the Professor, but science may surely be permitted to dream. If it were not for our dreams, where would be our impulse to progress? The dauntless men of science propose that all should be made when wanted. The time is coming when, by methods already foreseen, we shall store and make use of the heat of the sun. But far greater importance than this will be the ultimate and widespread use of the central heat of our globe. The incessant advances of science give us a sure basis upon which to expect a limitless amount of energy drawn from this source.

Dr. T. A. Bland of Washington D. C.—now temporarily residing in Boston—was the orator, Labor Day, at Salem, Mass. His cogent remarks on the labor question were well received, and the whole celebration passed off pleasantly and successfully.

Verifications of Spirit Messages.

The good words corroborative of the reliability of spirit-communications in THE BANNER, and high praise for the excellent mediumship of Mrs. B. F. Smith, continue to pour in upon us. Of the many we have at present only room for the following specimens:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have awaited with considerable anxiety the publication of the message of OLIVER WATKINS, announced as having been given at THE BANNER circle weeks ago. My anxiety arose from the fact that Oliver Watkins was hung for murder in my native town, Brooklyn, Conn., the first Friday in August, 1831. As soon as I saw the name, I was sure he was the communicant, and as, each week, I scanned the announcements, the impression was intensified, and I find that I was correct.

The hanging and its scenes have remained very vivid in my memory, colored my thought all these sixty-three years, and made me, among other things, an opponent of capital punishment. I did not know the man, he being a resident of Sterling, ten miles distant, where the alleged crime, the murder of his wife, was committed. I saw him on his trial, and several times in the jail subsequently; also on the day of the execution, when he came to the light of the open day; went to an open wagon, seated himself on his coffin, accompanied by Rev. J. C. Tillotson, the chaplain of the occasion, who preached a sermon from the gospels. There was an immense crowd, the vanguard commencing to arrive Wednesday night, rolling into town all the next day and night and the early hours of Friday. The roads for miles were lined with teams tethered to the fences and walls and trees adjacent.

Friday's sun rose in an unclouded sky, fair and brilliant; but it looked down on a drunken, noisy, brawling crowd, the awful significance of the tragedy about to take place exercising no restraining effect. Between nine and ten o'clock the cortege moved toward the gallows, erected between two hills, some three-fourths of a mile from the village, the hills being literally packed at an early hour. Two rifle companies escorted Watkins and the minister, while the High Sheriff and his deputies with drawn swords flanked the wagon and coffin. As the cortege moved it was preceded, flanked and followed by a noisy, jeering rabble, but through all the march the condemned preserved his equanimity. Arriving at the gallows, he nimbly ascended the steps to the platform, and sat there during the religious services entirely unmoved. As he stood up on the trap to be plunged and roped to the choking, not a muscle quivered; apparently, he dropped in a perfect normal condition.

Thus ended the mortal career of Oliver Watkins. Then pressed upon me the query, *Cut Bone?* and has been pressing ever since. The drunkenness, rioting, quarrelling and fighting of that day were, and have been since, all-sufficient answers. So tumultuous and riotous were the thousands that day, the clergy and dignitaries of the town, to the peace, deemed it politic to appoint an extra force of constabulary. So much for the moral efficacy of capital punishment. It is brutal and brutalizing, whether public or private, whether by the rope or the electric chair. There was murder in the hearts of scores upon scores of those who had witnessed the awful tragedy. Sad, is it not, that the most atrocious violators of the gallows have been ministers of the gospel!

I did not witness the execution, nor would I have done so if the wealth of the world had been laid at my feet. My soul revolted at the legal murder being perpetrated, and when Rev. Mr. Tillotson seated himself on the coffin and became a *particeps criminis*, I, though a boy, could not help thinking that the religion which could drop to that low level was more hellish than heven!

As I close, I sense the presence of the spirit communicating, and am assured that sometime he will visibly appear and take my hand. Should he do so, he shall have a hearty greeting and a warm welcome.

Perhaps I ought to add, that the conviction was solely on circumstantial evidence, there being nothing positive in the case.

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

16 Peace street, Providence, R. I.

PLUMMER CATE.

We wish to verify the message in THE BANNER of June 23d, from our darling, and to thank the medium, Mrs. B. F. Smith. When in earth-life he was passionately fond of drawing, always a penner and a penner in his hand, when he could get them; and we now hold precious mementoes of his work—for although only six and one-half years old, he could draw an engine or anything he undertook, perfect in detail, although crude. Long may you and your co-workers be spared to shed the light of this beautiful truth, and to carry comfort and consolation to the saddened spirits who have been waiting for the thoughts of helpfulness and sympathy will ever be with you.

MR. AND MRS. J. P. CATE.

Haverhill, Mass., Aug. 27th, 1894.

The message from my daughter, IDA MAY DODGE, given May 26th, is correct. I wish to express my gratitude to you and Mrs. B. F. Smith for the same. She has communicated twice before through the mediumship of Mrs. Longley (in THE BANNER), and the messages sound very much like my Ida May.

I cannot find words to express my joy and satisfaction in thus hearing from my dear departed one, gone from my sight. Oh, the joy that Spiritualism has brought to the hearts of sad and weary ones of earth who are struggling on through adversities in this life, yet who are hoping sometime to meet the dear ones in a far better world of sunshine and gladness.

I attended the Twin City Camp a few days; was anxious to see Edgar W. Emerson, knowing that he could be there only one week. On account of the strike on the road I did not get there until Saturday—two days before he left. You may judge of my happy surprise when I reached the grounds to hear that my children, six in number, had already given their names through Emerson the Sunday before, and a gentleman, and one who attended Ida's funeral thirteen years ago, being in the audience, responded, I never met Emerson before. I will say that he is a grand test medium. He never made a mistake during the time he was on the ground.

ELIZA S. DODGE.

Rochester, Minn., Aug. 23d, 1894.

A friend writes us in a private letter from South Easton, Massachusetts: "THE BANNER comes to me weekly like a benediction, and I find solace in it during my evening hours; and no less to thousands of others it must be an imperishable leaf on the ever-green bay tree of their existence! You, my dear noble soul, have conducted it well; you have long borne witness unto the truth, and made that truth clear to the comprehension of the many who were struggling in the depths of doubt and fear. You have brought them out of the clouds of error into the sunlight of liberty and life. You have long guarded God's chosen evangelists that come so direct from his throne freighted with the joy and gladness that never-ending life is our birthright, and that friendships, affections and loves endure eternally; that mothers' and fathers' tears will mingle in gladness at the meeting with their darlings in the 'sweet by-and-by,' and we shall share the pleasure of finding our 'lost' ones on the green shore of the River of Life."

Most of the Boston churches opened the Fall campaign last Sunday. We note that during "vacation" certain pastors "dreamed dreams," and told them to their people on Sunday; we will do them the credit to say that these dreams (in full harmony with the drift of the times) related to plans for the benefit of poor humanity, in this world, rather than the merely vicarious salvation of sinners in the next.

A Poet Spiritualist.

The late Cella Thaxter, the "poet of the Isles" (of Shonah), was possessed of a wide range of appreciative acquaintances and friends. Now that she has departed within the veil, the following hint is given, in the *Boston Herald*, as to the possession by her of "open vision" and medial power, possibly broadening into the physical phase of development. Be that as it may, there are many gifts of a like nature, possessed and utilized by noted people broadcast throughout the community, waiting for the Angel of Change to do his perfect work before their existence is acknowledged to a skeptical world. Says *The Herald* concerning Mrs. Thaxter's obsequies:

"It was beautiful to see the record of a funeral where friends were not requested not to send flowers last week, but where they were welcomed and heaped upon one who loved them so well—on an occasion so fitting. Mrs. Thaxter was something of a Spiritualist, and even held to materializing phenomena; and it was singular that to her, in her own belief, flowers came sometimes in showers, forming themselves from unseen givers about her. Temperament and her years of loneliness had given her a strong faith in invisible influences, such as prevail in the northern land, and sweet as was her character and sound as were her human sympathies, these were the most interesting elements in her nature."

Correspondents and Camp Secretaries.

Will please remember that THE BANNER is a weekly, not a daily paper. Frequently enough matter is received on Tuesday morning (press day) to employ almost the large force of one of our Boston dailies to dispose of it! Consequently it must be condensed (causing much dissatisfaction to individual writers and speakers), or "carried over" to the next issue (to the "disgruntlement" of secretaries and managers), but our printers must have time to put it in type.

THE BANNER during the camping season has done its best to treat all fairly; but writers must remember that the rule "first come first served" is as applicable to a newspaper as to other lines of business.

Religious Rancors Dying Out.

While the unification of all the forms of Christianity by ecclesiastical ties and through an acceptance of a common body of doctrine may be deemed impracticable, editorially remarks the *New York Sunday Sun*, there is no doubt that the era of religious rancors and sectarian antipathies is largely passing away. Unquestionably the time is ripe, or soon will be, for a moral cooperation of all men calling themselves Christians and human well-wishers against the disciples of ignorant revolutionary teachings, which threaten the destruction alike of morals and civilization.

Read the earnest words of Spirits ROSA T. ANDEY and HENRY C. WRIGHT on our sixth page. Such expressions of the appreciation of THE BANNER's service, from old workers who are now enjoying the reward of well-spent lives in the material, are very encouraging to us!

Dr. J. M. Peebles, the "Spiritual Pilgrim," has a letter on the "Sunset Land" of California on our second page, which all should read.

Gen. N. P. Banks, after seventy-six years of an earnest, conscientious life, passed away on Saturday morning last at his home in Waltham. He had been a conspicuous figure in the history of Massachusetts from the time he was her governor, when a young man, down through military, congressional and national service, closing but a few years since. It is refreshing, in these days of public corruption, to record the fact that Gen. Banks' reputation was never tainted with dishonor, and he died a poor man.

An Interview with Mrs. M. E. Williams.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In view of the universal interest in spiritual circles attaching to the projected European tour of Mrs. Williams, I have prevailed upon her to grant me an interview for the BANNER OF LIGHT readers. Those who are acquainted with this estimable lady have been particularly struck with the earnestness, the sincerity, the deep, whole-souled devotion and fidelity which have characterized her remarkable work in the unfoldment of the Spiritual Philosophy. While enthusiastic in all movements looking toward the furtherance of the New Dispensation, she yet felt some diffidence in speaking of herself as the chosen disciple through whom the continental psychists hope to further their investigations.

"I have been," she said, "but a passive agent in the hands of destiny, as it were. The offers from these different societies came to me unsought, and the subsequent arrangements themselves have been perfected through my cabinet guides, entirely independent of any suggestion of my own. I have been content to have it so, for I feel they have a special work for me to perform. My thanks are due to Herr Max Rahn, the learned editor of *Die Universalien Welt*, and Secretary of the Sphinx Society, under whose auspices I am to give séances in Germany. This gentleman has certainly been untiring in his efforts to propitiate matters connected with my coming tour. I have just received from him a pamphlet which has been issued in behalf of this movement."

After ransacking through a multitudinous mass of mail, which included circulars, books, papers and correspondence, she handed me a good-sized pamphlet, that contains as frontispiece an excellent photograph of Mrs. Williams. The subject-matter is devoted entirely to her work as a medium, the whole embracing twenty-five pages of neat typography. She wishes me, however, to correct a misstatement which inadvertently occurs therein, to the effect that she was brought under the notice of the Sphinx Society by the Swiss Consul. Instead, it was through the instrumentality of Mr. Hermann Handrich, Secretary to the Consulate and a contributor to various foreign journals, and Herr Wagner, editor of *The Sphinx*, gentlemen of exceptional intelligence, who have devoted much of their rare talent to the promulgation of advanced thought. Mrs. Williams has the opportunity of making this correction through your columns, as she deems it unfortunate the error should have crept into the brochure.

"Is it any wonder," she continued, "that in the contemplation of this new field of work I am all confidence and enthusiasm? Now that the people in general, and the scientists in particular, have taken up the investigation of Spiritualism in an honest, earnest spirit, I cannot but feel that the complete emancipation from ecclesiastical thralldom is but a matter of a few years at the most. For nearly two decades I have battled against skepticism and bigotry. My humble efforts, as well as those of other workers in the Cause, have been constantly opposed by the positiveness and the jeers and anathemas of creed-bound minds, which make it a religious duty to shut tight their eyes every time a ray of light is sent to dispel the darkness in which they are groping, and we can but welcome, with a feeling of

relief and thanksgiving, the break of the new day which is at hand.

I have letters from other parts of Europe, aside from those bearing on my regular engagements."

Herr Mrs. Williams handed me letters from some of the most distinguished people in European affairs—people interested in the investigation of metaphysical science—offering the hospitality of their *salons* in which to hold séances. Asked regarding her season's work at the camp-meetings, she replied:

"As you know, I have just returned to the city. This was somewhat sooner than I anticipated; but so many of my New York friends, as well as a regular clientele of visitors from out of town, have requested me so earnestly to give a few séances before my departure, that I have yielded, and will give my customary meetings during the month of September. The LAKE GEORGE (N. Y.) ASSOCIATION, from the Camp of which I have just come, has labored hard and faithfully to realize all expectations. This is my first season, so the Camp might be termed embryonic as yet. But what a glorious prospect they have! The grounds are simply superb, and when the buildings are all completed, and satisfactory accommodations furnished, it will be a veritable paradise."

My visit to LAKE BRADY, O., was so auspicious a nature that I cannot refrain from dilating upon the generous good-fellowship which met me at every turn. Every comfort was afforded me, and, withal, the conditions which characterized my séances were of so satisfactory a nature that it was with the keenest regret I bade them good-by. The present offering have their hearts in their work, and have toiled so gently and diligently toward the promotion of that which goes to assure harmony and good feeling throughout the ranks, that the success realized is but a legitimate result."

Mrs. Williams' season has been under the able management of Mr. Walter Regas, widely known as an accomplished musician and vocalist. Much of her success has been due to his indefatigable efforts, and to the genial qualities which have endeared him to all with whom he has come in contact.

As I came away from where tells this busy woman, literally immersed in a pile of correspondence—for all manner of people write her upon all classes of subjects—I could not help reflecting upon the nobility and dignity of her character—laboring, as she does, with almost a superhuman assiduity, for the enlightenment of soul-starved humanity. JOHN HAZELRIGG.

New York, Aug. 30th, 1894.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

GOOD WISHES.

Good wishes make our lives as bright
As full-orbed moon on summer night!

W. B.

FACE-VALUE—"I'd like to be a fine, large bank check," remarked the girl who was very pretty but poor. "Why?" inquired her companion. "Because its face makes it valuable."

FRANCE is worth, all property considered, \$3,000,000,000.

Jasper—"How are the Jumpuppes getting along at housekeeping?" Mrs. Jasper—"Pretty well. Jump-up is not strong enough to fight for bargains at the big stores."—*Truth.*

FAMILIAR OLD SAYINGS.

[In Six Stanzas.]

NUMBER FIVE.

As clean as a penny,
As dark as a peep,
As hard as a millstone,
As bitter as gall,
As fine as a fiddle,
As clear as a bell,
As dry as a herring,
As deep as a well.

Mark Twain says that "it gave him real pleasure" to hear that his works were almost the only thing Mr. Darwin read during the last period of his life, till he heard that Mr. Darwin suffered from a kind of mental atrophy, and was forbidden to read anything but absolute drivel.

New Clerk—"I have a customer who wants a certain glove, but we're out of her size; what shall I do?" Old Clerk—"Tell her she's been wearing one size too large."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

To detach a fish-bone from the throat, swallow a raw egg as quickly as it can be obtained.

If any one is looking
When he tries to steal a kiss,
Her virtuous indignation
Makes her look like this:

But when he tries to osculate
In some secluded place
She offers no objection, then,
To his !

Seemingly but few people know, says *The Sedgwick* (Kan.), *Pantograph*, that by writing with pen or pencil on the margin of a newspaper or on the fly-leaf of a book and sending it through the mails at newspaper or book rates, they subject themselves to a fine. But such is true. It is permissible to mark an article or item with a pen or pencil, by drawing a line or making a cross for the purpose of calling attention to it, but no intelligible word must be written unless regular letter postage is paid. Correspondents, evidently of the credulous type, who sometimes send anonymous insulting squibs to THE BANNER, in this manner, will please remember the fact.

Medical Professor—"What is the function of the vermiform appendix?" Student—"To promote the cause of vivisection and prevent over-population."—*Judge.*

"Labor Day" hereabout was largely celebrated—ten thousand men (representing one hundred and twenty-five organizations) marching through Boston streets, with unique mottoes, etc.

He often laughed and sneered, old he,
At woman's curd and cream,
But always touched, as he went by,
The paint, to see if it was dry.

—New York Press.

On Sunday, Sept. 2d, from noon to night the sun in various parts of the country was obscured by a deep yellow appearance in the sky, which was not a mist—but was probably caused by the diffusion of attenuated smoke from the Western forest fires. Nothing like it has been known since the "yellow" or "red" Tuesday (variously named) when the wounded President Garfield was removed to Elberon.

When a man comes to ask you for your opinion, he really asks you for a confirmation of his own.—*Atchison Globe.*

Sept. 2d, the towns of Hinckley, Mission Creek and Pokegama, all in Minnesota, were totally consumed by a fire which swept down the Kettle river and Cross lake valley, where they were located. At least a thousand of the settlers and their families perished in the flames. Destruction is on every hand in the smitten district.

THE GERMAN BAND.

The German band, at the moonday heat, Stopped at a corner of the street.
Birkenheimer and Mederwurst
With cornets under their arms were first;
Next Schmitz with a clarinet that shone;
Then Han Von Beck with his great trombone;
While after them there would always come
Little Dutch Fritz with his big brass drum;
And, as the gathering crowd he eyed,
Birkenheimer, the leader cried:
"Eier—zwei—drei—so
Eier—fünf—let her go!"
Then woompety-woompety-woomp they went,
And folk, wherever they took their stand,
Would always say, when they heard them play,
There was nothing to equal the German band.

—St. Nicholas.

While Aug. 30th brought no definite seismic catastrophe, mutterings of earthquakes were heard at different dates along the Mississippi Valley, and a shock was felt at the Norris geyser basin in the Yellowstone Park, Wyo. Soon afterward the New Orator geyser, which had been quiet for some time, broke out with terrific force, throwing stones weighing twenty-five pounds to the height of two hundred feet, steam rising five hundred feet, accompanied by a roar, equaling the combined exhaust of a thousand locomotives, which could be heard for ten miles. Every geyser in the Norris basin played for hours.

Camp and Grove-Meetings.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Though the thousands of campers and guests who make this lovely spot their summer home have gone their various ways, yet many still linger, loth to leave the scene of so many pleasures. Among the departures of the week, that of President Dalley was the most regretted by the friends left here. On Tuesday evening the genial President was pleasantly surprised to find himself the recipient of an ovation from some hundreds of campers, who had quietly congregated on the bluff in front of and around his cottage, and presented him with a set of resolutions, expressing their appreciation of his services as President and his earnest and untiring defense of the interests of the New England Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association.

The testimonial tendered Mrs. Margaret Owen, the well-known medium, in Association Hall, Monday evening, Aug. 27th, was a splendid success. Socially and financially, consisting of interesting addresses by President Dalley, Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Barnes, Dr. Temple, Mr. Cordingly and Mrs. Harlow. Mrs. Eva Hill furnished music for the occasion.

Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 29th, the Mystic Circle grounds at the Highlands were the scene of a very pretty service under the direction of Miss Jennie Rhind, which closed with Miss Rhind as representative of the Mystic Circle, President Dalley representing the Association and Mrs. E. Harlow, representing the Ladies' Improvement Society, forming a triangle symbolic of the harmony existing between the three societies.

Among the mediums whose powers during their sojourn among us have attracted more than usual attention are Mrs. Maud Lord Drake and Mrs. M. T. Longley, to both of whom the thanks of the Association and of the Society are tendered for their kindness and willingness at all times to assist us by erecting their truly wonderful powers on the rostrum and elsewhere.

An incident, vouchered for by a number of people who were present, occurred the week of the cottage of Mrs. M. V. Lincoln, which particularly impresses our minds with the wonderful mediumistic powers of Mrs. Drake. Mrs. Pearce, a friend of Mrs. Lincoln's, lay on a couch quite ill when Mrs. Drake entered, and seeing her condition volunteered to give her a treatment, during which Mrs. Drake spoke of her hands feeling oily, and exhibiting them to the four persons present, who could see the oil drip from them, it having a rather unpleasant odor apparent to all. Mrs. Drake in their presence then washed and dried her hands, and started to continue the treatment, when they were filled as before, and continued to be so until the treatment was finished.

This occurred in daylight, the curtains being up, and each occupant of the room could plainly see Mrs. Drake hold out her hands empty and receive the oil in them. The effect of the one treatment was such that Mrs. Pearce, who previous to receiving it could hardly walk fifty yards without being in a state of total exhaustion, was able to be out most of the next day and enjoy fishing, boating and walking, and to return to her home in New York soon after.

A meeting was held Sunday at the new Auditorium, nearly over the old Camp Meeting Association, with the assistance of Mr. George Cleveland and the assistance of Mrs. J. J. Clark, the chairman and others. Mrs. Nora Dowd gave some of the most interesting addresses.

The store closed Saturday, and Sunday noon the last dinner was given at the hotel. Each day sees fewer campers left, and another week will find nearly all gone but the families who remain all winter on the grounds.

We tender thanks to the dear BANNER for its kindly mention of us in all its issues this season.

ALBERT F. BLINN, Clerk.
603 Tremont street, Boston.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Yesterday witnessed the closing scenes of the most successful Camp-Meeting held at this charming place for many years.

Mrs. Clara H. Banks, who has been a large audience with her magnetic and pungent periods, and Walter Howell carried the people upon a strong current of intense thinking.

Mrs. M. S. Pepper, the new and accurate platform test-medium, electrified the audiences with her startlingly convincing tests.

In the evening a great full of people assembled in front of President Dalley's cottage on the "Bluff," and spent a half-hour in song and speech replete with keen appreciation of his faithful services for the Camp Meeting. Under his administration the past two years the New England Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association has filled its empty treasury with a surplus above all expenses of nearly one thousand dollars.

The following resolution was passed, with three rousing cheers for our President:

Resolved, That the unanimous thanks of the people at Lake Pleasant, here assembled, are cordially given to President A. E. Dalley, for his devotion to the interests of the New England Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association, for his unflinching and generous efforts to maintain and sustain in a prosperous financial condition of its treasury, and inspiring its members with renewed hope and courage to work for the future success of Lake Pleasant. May the coming year bring health to our President, and the Camp-Meeting of 1895 increase the hearty endorsement of the policy of our official Board of Directors.

The Ladies' Improvement Society, assisted by the treasury of the New England Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association, will erect a hall, to seat a thousand people, upon the enclosed ground of the Highlands Auditorium. It will stand upon the upper part, parallel with Adams street, and fronting the lake. The face toward the present Auditorium will have balconies on which the overflow audiences can be seated. The present grove will be retained, so that meetings can be held in the open air on pleasant days.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has been engaged for another year. The net cash receipts for the Association resulting from his three lectures were some five hundred and sixty dollars, all of which will be used in building the new hall.

Mrs. M. S. Pepper, of 168 Pearl street, Providence, R. I., will no doubt be engaged as a platform test-medium for 1895.

A vote was taken by the Lake Pleasant people and by the citizens of Miller's Falls, in favor of introducing a permanent water service at both places. The Legislature will be petitioned for the same. The water for a district, composed of the two places, will be laid below front-line, and hydrants be placed in all principal streets of the Camp.

Next summer our streets can be watered and freed extinguished by a hydrant pressure of nearly one hundred pounds to a square inch. The introduction of permanent high-pressure water supply will reduce the rate of insurance, and yet the water will be no burden. The water will be pumped out of Lake Pleasant by the Turner's Falls Water Co., who have a plant at the north end of the Lake.

The prospects for the coming year are so bright that already parties are being taken on which to erect summer homes. There are some excellent lots for sale on the Highlands—on Denton, Massasoit and Turner streets. These lots are wide and deep. Many of them command beautiful views of the Lake or of gorgeous sunsets.

Now that the new Auditorium and hall is to be built on the Highlands, people will find that the really most quiet and restful part of the Camp is in its locality.

Springfield, Mass. H. A. BUDINGTON.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A Memorial Service was held under the auspices of the Ladies' Improvement Society of Lake Pleasant at Association Hall, Aug. 26th. The service was opened with singing by Mrs. Mason and Mr. and Mrs. Hatch, Jr. Judge Dalley, President of the New England Camp-Meeting Association, was introduced, and spoke in a feeling and impressive manner of the loved ones who had passed from us during the last year; Charles Hatch favored the audience with a violin solo; remarks were made by the following mediums: Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Harlow, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Quinn, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. J. Clark, Mrs. Banks, Mr. Walter Howell, all paying tributes of respect.

A recitation by Eddie N. Hatch, and some remarkable tests by Mrs. M. S. Pepper, closed the service. The platform was decorated with a profusion of flowers, and everything was in harmony with the occasion.

Mrs. Barnes, President of the Ladies' Improvement Society, closed the meeting by expressing the hope that all would meet again another year.

CARRIE L. HATCH.

Queen City Park, Vt.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Engle Hall, 616 Washington Street.—Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M.; also Wednesdays at 8 P. M. E. Tuttle, Conductor.

Washington Hall, 604 Washington Street, corner of Second.—Spiritual meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M.; also Wednesdays at 8 P. M. N. P. Smith, Conductor.

Washington Hall, 604 Washington Street.—Meetings Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M.; also Wednesdays at 8 P. M. N. P. Smith, Conductor.

Hollis Hall, corner Washington and Hollis Streets.—Meetings Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M.; also Wednesdays at 8 P. M. N. P. Smith, Conductor.

The Home Rostrum (21 Soled street, Charlestown).—Meetings Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7 P. M. Dr. E. M. Sanders, President.

Unity Hall, 724 Washington Street.—Heart and Hand Spiritual Society meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. W. B. Hall, Conductor.

Crystal Hall, 820 Washington Street.—Meetings are held every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M.; Tuesday and Thursday at 2 P. M.; Friday at 7 P. M., and Saturday 7 P. M. W. L. Lathrop, Conductor.

Harvard Hall, 222 Harvard Street.—Meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M., and every Tuesday and Thursday at 7 P. M. Under the auspices of the United Spiritualists of America. Chas. E. Tobey, Secy.

Garfield Hall, 122 Garfield Street.—Meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M.; also Wednesdays at 8 P. M. Good mediums in attendance. Musical selections by Mrs. Cooper. Dr. O. F. Stiles and wife, Conductors.

Montgomery Hall, 735 Washington Street.—One Flight.—Sundays at 11 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M.; at 312 Milford street, Wednesdays, 8 P. M.; Thursdays, 7 P. M. Dr. S. H. Nelke, Conductor.

Hollis Hall, 780 Washington Street.—At the Sunday morning session Mr. Cordingly was present, adding new interest to the developing circle. He will be present with us every Sunday morning during the month.

Meeting opened in the afternoon with a Praise Service; scripture reading by Miss Vaughn; invocation by G. V. Cordingly; remarks on the lesson read by Frank Brown; remarks and tests by David Brown; Mr. Cordingly in poetic reading, and tests; he also gave wonderful astrological readings; song by Lillian Rich; short address by Mrs. Ricker.

At the evening service organ voluntary, followed by song service; reading of scripture by Miss Vaughn; invocation by Mr. George Cordingly, after which he gave a few psychometric readings, poetic sentiments, and answering questions; song by Miss Lillian Rich, followed by remarks by Dr. Frank Brown; Father Locke remarks and song, which were enthusiastically received.

A very large audience welcomed Mr. Cordingly back to Boston. This is always the case where he is present, being such a favorite among the people.

M.

Rathbone Hall, 694 Washington Street.

Corner Kneeland.—Mrs. M. F. Lovering and Mr. J. Baxter sang; Mrs. C. H. Clark, Mrs. Dr. Dowland, Mr. W. Wilkinson, Mrs. A. Woodbury, Mr. C. W. Quimby, Mrs. L. P. Hardee and Geo. V. Cordingly of St. Louis took part; [the will be present in Rathbone Hall next Thursday.] Mrs. Minnie E. Soule, test.

Commercial Hall.—Sunday, Sept. 2d, 11 A. M., Mr. N. P. Smith, Dr. Baker, Mrs. A. Woodbury, Mrs. J. Woods, Mr. J. T. Coombs, readings.

2:30 P. M., Mrs. A. W. Staples and Mr. Conant sang; Mrs. C. H. Clark, Mrs. A. M. Ott, Mrs. Hattie Callahan, Mrs. Florence Sullivan, Mrs. A. Mason, Mrs. J. H. Burr, C. W. Quimby and Mrs. A. Woodbury joined in the exercises.

7:30 P. M., Mr. F. Alexis Heath, Mrs. E. C. Dickinson, Mrs. A. W. Staples, N. P. Smith, Mrs. C. H. Clark, Mrs. Hattie Callahan, Mrs. A. Mason, Mrs. J. H. Burr, C. W. Quimby and Mrs. A. Woodbury were the mediums; Mrs. A. W. Staples sang solos.

N. P. SMITH, Chairman.

Elysian Hall, 820 Washington Street.—On Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday we held fine circles.

Sunday at 11 A. M., our circle was well attended and a complete with power and fine tests. "Wild Rose" and others were the mediums. At 2:30 and 7:30 our meetings were more than usually interesting. Mrs. Frederick, Mrs. Dr. Bell, Mrs. Buck, Mr. James Bloodfield and Mr. Lathrop, all gave satisfactory proof of the nearness of spirit-friends.

Monday, Sept. 24th, our first concert of the season will be held for the benefit of the Little Ransom Brothers. Tickets, adults twenty-five cents, children fifteen cents.

Meetings Tuesday and Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday at 2:30 and Saturday at 7:30. The BANNER OF LIGHT always for sale.

W. L. LATHROP, Conductor.

Engle Hall, 616 Washington Street.—On Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 29th, remarks, tests and readings were given by Mrs. M. Knowles, Mrs. M. E. Calahan, Dr. C. E. Huot, Dr. J. T. Coombs, Mr. W. A. Wilkinson, Mr. H. H. Tuttle, G. V. Cordingly gave inspirational remarks and poems, also tests; he will be with us Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 27th.

Sept. 2d, a successful circle in the afternoon; remarks and poem, Chairman; personal readings, Mrs. M. E. Pierce; recognized tests and readings, Mrs. J. E. Woods, Mrs. M. E. Calahan, Dr. J. T. Coombs, Mr. W. A. Wilkinson, Mr. H. H. Tuttle, G. V. Cordingly and questions answered by Mr. J. MacLean.

Evening.—Piano solo, Mr. H. C. Grimes; invocation, Chairman; remarks, Mrs. M. E. Pierce; tests and readings, Mrs. M. Knowles, Mrs. Dr. Bell, Mr. Tuttle, Mrs. Nettie Holt, Harding rendered excellent remarks and fine tests; Mrs. N. Carlton, acceptable music each session.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the door.

HERBERT.

Montgomery Hall, 735 Washington Street.—Dr. S. H. Nelke, having measurably received "a new lease of life," after his serious illness of four months since, has re-commenced the conduct of meetings in Boston, at this hall. Last Sunday the services were well attended. Good mediums assisted the Doctor and gave beautiful tests. The music was furnished by the sweet singer, Miss Sadie B. Lamb; Miss Lillian Rich and "Little Eddie" also sang. "Little Eddie" will be present each Sunday at this hall only.

Meetings will be held the usual hours. Wednesdays at 8 P. M., Thursdays at 8 P. M., and Saturdays at 8 P. M., at 312 Milford street. The BANNER OF LIGHT found a large sale at the hall, and can be found also at 312 Milford street.

JAMES HIGGINS.

America Hall, 724 Washington Street.—Deep interest was manifested at our meetings of Sunday last. The many new faces among those who make up our audiences give proof that the heaven of Spiritualism is working for good. Mr. Cobb being away, filling an engagement, the meetings were conducted by Mrs. Cobb, assisted by many able speakers and mediums: Father Locke, Mr. Walter Anderson and wife, Miss A. Peabody, Mrs. A. Ott, Mrs. J. E. Lovell, Mrs. A. Forester, Mrs. C. Soule, Mrs. W. E. Taylor, Dr. F. H. Roscoe, Dr. F. H. Driscoll, Jennie K. D. Conant, Mrs. N. J. Willis, O. Fannie Allyn, and Mrs. Dr. Goodrich and son, F. A. Wiggins. Mrs. Juliette Yeaw and others, due announcement of which will be given through the BANNER.

Subscriptions to the BANNER will be received at all times by us, and we sincerely hope that all who can will encourage this grand paper in the great and noble work of enlightening the world in the great Truths of our beautiful Philosophy.

I. W. CHASE, Secy.

Worcester.—The Association of Spiritualists opened the season of '94-'95 at Arden Hall, 505 Main street, Sept. 2d.—Rev. E. Andrus Titus as speaker. Mr. Titus gave two grand discourses, which were well received by appreciative audiences.

Speaker for next Sunday, Mrs. Clara H. Banks of Newburyville. Mrs. D. M. Lowe, Secy.

608 Main street.

Stoughton.—Frederic Beals writes that he has discontinued his meetings at this place, and has cancelled all previous engagements.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the bowels, cures all pain, cures whooping cough, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

(Notices under this heading, to insure insertion the same week, must reach this office by Monday's mail.)

Mrs. M. A. Brown has returned to her home at 375 Columbus Avenue, Boston, from her trip to Lake Pleasant Camp.

Mrs. Maud Lord Drake and husband called at Trux. Park, Mass., Friday, Aug. 31st, on their way to the Spiritualist Camp at Etta, Me. The years evidently deal kindly with this popular speaker and medium.

E. Andrus Titus, South Abington Station, Mass., has open dates in October and November, and would like to all engagements for societies at moderate prices during the winter and spring of '95. Address as above.

Dr. G. C. Beckwith Ewell is engaged at Rocky Star until Sept. 10th, from Sept. 10th to 23d at Camp Star Hill, Address Rocky Star, Shelton, Conn.

Mrs. H. S. Lake, pastor of the People's Spiritual Alliance, of Cleveland, O., returned to that city and resumed her work there on Sunday evening, Sept. 2d. During the season she gave several lectures at Lake Brady, Mr. Pleasant, Hasset, Cassadaga and Lake George Camps, all of which were received with great cordiality and enthusiasm. Propositions were made her for a year's service in two different cities, but she is under contract to the Cleveland Society, the members and officers of which are anxious to appreciate fully the efforts which she is making to advance the Cause in their midst.

Edgar W. Emerson is engaged in Chicago, Ill., Sept. 10th, 23d and 30th; St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th; Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 11th; Lynn, Mass., Nov. 18th and 25th; Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 2d, 9th, 16th, 23d and 30th.

A correspondent writes: "Prof. Silas W. Edmunds, inspirational speaker and psychometrist, would like to correspond with Spiritual Societies in the North and West for the purpose of giving lectures, and to appreciate fully the efforts which she is making to advance the Cause in their midst."

Read what a correspondent writes concerning "White Rose" and his work—on our third page.

Dr. W. A. Towne has returned to Boston from his vacation at various Spiritualist camps.

Mrs. Dr. M. C. Dowland's address for engagements for platform work and funerals is 15 City Hall Square, Lynn, Mass.

OHIO.

Cleveland.—A circular has been issued in this city which in the name of the People's Spiritual Alliance—chartered under the laws of Ohio—appeals to all who are earnestly desirous of attaining knowledge, unfolding spiritual consciousness, and establishing a fraternity to seekers after truth, to join in its work.

"The Trustees of the Alliance," says this circular, "have redoubled their efforts during the past twelve months in the formation of this Association, and she will continue her ministrations during the season of '94-'95, giving a lecture each Sunday evening, and following the same with platform tests peculiarly adapted by her mediumship."

As is well known, Mrs. Lake has no superior on the spiritualist platform as a logical and eloquent exponent of advanced thought. For nineteen years she has been the pivot upon which the Cause has turned in Cleveland, and her work has been the highest and grandest of any in this city, its truthfulness and high spiritual tone.

I wish to thank my good friends here at this delightful place by the sea for the kind and generous reception extended me which has been an ovation to me, and also to my Philadelphia and other friends in Delaware County and Chester County, Pa.

I will resume my official duties at my office—Eastern Division, Boston—during winter my western division as usual in Springfield, Mass., till further notice."

NEW JERSEY.

Cape May.—W. L. Jack, M. D., writes: "I hope to be in Boston soon." He is on his way from Cape May, Philadelphia, and Atlantic City, where he has been busy filling engagements during his sojourn there—and purposes again visiting Lake Pleasant. "The BANNER OF LIGHT is, at this beautiful resort, sought for and is found a great comfort to the visitors here."

"Why?" said an old gentleman, over eighty years of age, "my BANNER is my staff of comfort, and I have taken it since its first publication, and I will never relinquish my pleasure of ever taking it so long as I live. It's my comfort, my life at my home, and in my soul."

The BANNER everywhere receives the highest and grandest encomiums for its candor, its truthfulness and high spiritual tone.

I wish to thank my good friends here at this delightful place by the sea for the kind and generous reception extended me which has been an ovation to me, and also to my Philadelphia and other friends in Delaware County and Chester County, Pa.

I will resume my official duties at my office—Eastern Division, Boston—during winter my western division as usual in Springfield, Mass., till further notice."

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence.—Sarah D. C. Ames, Secretary, informs us that the Columbia Hall Association convened Sunday evening, Sept. 2d. Mr. A. C. Whipple, Mr. Williams, Mr. E. S. Straight and others spoke. Social conference next Sunday.

The Progressive Aid Society met Wednesday afternoon and evening with Mrs. Luscomb. There was a large attendance at the evening conference.

Sealed Letters Answered.

The terms are one dollar for each letter so answered, including three two-cent postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that the letter cannot be answered, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within three or four weeks after their receipt.

We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactorily, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, but do as well as they can under the circumstances.

INSTRUCTIONS.—1. Do not write upon the envelope of the sealed letter.

2. The spirit only should be questioned at a time.

3. Those sending letters to this office for answer, should invariably write upon the outside envelope "Sealed Letter," in order that they may not miscarry.

Address all letters to LUTHER COLBY, BANNER OF LIGHT, 9 Bosworth street, Boston, Mass.

We are gratified to be able to state that since the commencement of the "Sealed Letter" department, we have received numerous letters from correspondents residing in all parts of the country, assuring us of the perfect satisfaction experienced by them regarding the answers returned by the medium.

Correspondents forwarding "sealed letters" must enclose their own addresses and names on an outside separate slip, otherwise we are unable to return their answers.

A "sealed letter" post-marked "Manchester, N. H.," but unaccompanied by private letter or address, is on hand at this office. Will the writer send to us for the answer, specifying date of mailing in Manchester, as a means of recognition by us.

Send to us a "sealed letter" post-marked at Westbury, Vt., without private letter or address of sender. Will the writer of this Westbury letter send us the date of mailing, in like manner as asked above with regard to the Manchester letter?

Onset Bay, Mass.—July 8th to Aug. 28th. (Trains leave the depot at Onset street, Boston, for Onset Bay, 8:15 A. M., and 1:30 P. M., and 8:15 P. M. Sunday trains 7:30 and 8:15 A. M. Leave Onset for Boston at 7:05, 8:45, 11:34 A. M., 4:50, 8:34 P. M.)

Saturday, Sept. 2d.—Third Annual Camp-Meeting of Association Aug. 26th to Sept. 15th.

Cherryvale, Kan.—In September, W. E. Bonney, Secretary.

Lake Brady, O.—July 1st to Sept. 28th.

Etta, Me.—From Aug. 31st to Sept. 15th.

Stoughton, Mass. (Andrus), Me.—Sept. 7th, to continue ten days.

PREDICTED HIS OWN DEATH.—John Verdon, a penitentiary convict from Cincinnati, who dropped dead from heart disease at Columbus, O., Aug. 10th, predicted the day and hour of his death. When he was received at the prison he wrote this prediction on a slip of paper, which was given to another convict to keep. The paper was examined and found to be exactly true.

The Past

Guarantees

The Future

The fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of others is certainly sufficient reason for belief that it will cure you. It makes pure, rich, healthy blood, tones and strengthens the nerves, and builds up the whole system. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Be Sure to get HOOD'S and Only HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills are especially prepared to be taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c. per box.

Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis's

Alternative Compound

and Blood Purifier

Is constantly performing cures, and restoring health to persons who have been suffering from Scrofulous Humors, Hip Disease, Erysipelas, Eczema, Pimples, Boils, and all diseases caused by impure and vitiated blood.

Price, \$1.00 per bottle, six for \$5.00.

Wild Cucumber Pills

Assist digestion, cure Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, and tone up the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels. Try a box and be convinced.

Price, 25 cents a box, five boxes for \$1.00.

If you do not need these medicines yourself, please call the attention of your afflicted friends to them. "They stand alone."

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Druggists supplied by Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., or Carter, Carter & Kilham, Boston.

Aug. 25. 1894.

Rev. G. V. Cordingly,

Trance Medium of St. Louis, Mo., Seances Monday, Tuesday and Saturday night. Sitings daily. Dr. of all Mediumistic Power a specialty. Also teacher of the Hundooc Occult. Parlor at 126 Chandler st., Boston. Sept. 8.

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BY EUGENE CROWELL, M. D.

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The first volume of this valuable work has gone entirely out of print. Having in stock a limited number of copies of the second volume—which is in itself a complete work—we have now decided to offer them for a time to our patrons at a greatly reduced price.

SPRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported verbatim by Miss Ida L. Spaulding, an expert stenographer.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Counting-Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All aspires as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact for publication. As our spirit visitors are very fond of flowers, it behooves our friends in earth-life, so disposed, to place natural flowers upon our séance-table, the reasons for which were stated in our editorial columns of a recent date. Also, we are requested to state that all letters of inquiry, or otherwise, pertaining to this Department, should be addressed to the undersigned.

LUTHER COLBY, Chairman.

SPRIT MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held June 8th, 1894.

Oh! thou Eternal and Omnipotent One, who dost ever lend a listening ear unto the supplications of thy children, who dost watch with tender care all mankind, bestowing upon each that which will conduce to his best good, we invoke thy presence here this hour. Unto thee, who art all goodness, all wisdom, all intelligence and power, we lift our hearts in adoration and praise. We thank thee, O Father, for the gift of life, the boon of friendship, the sweet associations of home, and the consolation and hope derived from spirit communion and knowledge of the immortality of the human soul; and as we unfold in spirituality sufficiently to recognize the purpose underlying the trials, perplexities and even the sorrow and suffering that assail us in our earthly career, may we be able to thank thee in all sincerity for each discipline, and say: "Thy will, not mine, be done."

We ask the presence this hour of thine angels, our Father, from the realms celestial. May their pure, uplifting influence be felt not only here in this Circle-Room, but may it go forth as a power for good wherever there is sorrow and distress. May each of us be able to communicate with some loved one still in the material form be actuated by the high purpose of not only bringing comfort to a sad heart, but of arousing in the mind of that dear one a desire for better things than earth can afford, a longing for truth and knowledge of the life beyond. May each spirit controlling this medial organism endeavor not only to establish his identity to the satisfaction of his earthly friends, but may he impress upon them the great importance of right living here and now, of a life of constant effort to cast out evil, and to uplift and strengthen the weak and faltering while clinging to the hands outstretched to them from the unseen heavenly shore. We ask thy guidance this day, thy tender ministrations, thy influence of peace and good-will toward all; and unto thee would we render praise now and evermore.

JOHN PIERPONT.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Robert C. Cummings.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. [Good morning.] I feel attracted here at this hour by pure and holy influences.

When here on earth I was no stranger to spirit-communion. Oft have I silently communed with those who had preceded me to the better land, and it soiced my heart and uplifted my spirit to realize their companionship.

In Quincy, this State, there are some who will remember me, and affirm that I was outspoken in my "belief," as they termed it, but to me it was a knowledge, for I had risen above belief. I frequently thought, "Why should we fear to die, any more than we should fear to live?" I had no fear of the transition myself; I longed to meet those with whom I had associated here who were dear to me. Old relatives, friends and neighbors came to welcome me to the spirit-world; and, sir, before the spirit had been fully detached from the body, I realized their presence. Their countenances shone with joy as they gathered about me, and it seemed as if the room was literally crowded.

I have been a frequent attendant at your meetings, Mr. Chairman, and I have gained a great deal of information by listening to the narration of personal experiences by the communicating spirits. From the depth of spirit I thank the higher intelligences who impressed you of this establishment to give us who have passed on to the higher life, the opportunity to return and send our personal messages to our friends yet remaining on earth. Our utterances may be feeble, and mistakes may sometimes occur, for no one, either mortal or immortal, is perfect; then, dear earthly friends, do not look for perfection in us; for, certainly, we do not find perfection in you. Be lenient, be charitable, be patient, and we will give you all the knowledge we can express.

I am thankful for the few moments allotted me here to day.

It has been stated by many from this platform, that a sadness overshadowed them when they knew the change must come, on account of loved ones they knew they must leave behind them on the earth-plane. I cannot make that statement in regard to my own experience. I knew it to be but the separation of the spirit from the body, and my own dear companion and dear daughters knew well at the time of my transition that I had only passed from one room into another, as it were. Therefore, instead of cultivating a feeling of sadness and sorrow, mortals should rejoice that their spirit friends are waiting to open the gate for them into the other life, where congenial souls will dwell together forevermore. Robert C. Cummings.

Almira C. Spaulding.

[To the Chairman:] I have attended your meetings often, and like the gentleman who

has just spoken, I can say with truth that I have gained much knowledge by listening to those who have spoken here from time to time. From some I have gained more than from others, the same as I would here were I to attend a meeting where different individuals related their several experiences; still I have gained some little knowledge from even the humblest spirit or the little prattling child who has manifested.

Some loved ones in Tyson, Vt., will be pleased to hear a word from me.

I cannot say, as did that gentleman who preceded me, that I realized the presence of my spirit friends while I dwelt upon the earth-plane—I did not; but there were times when I felt that they were not far away. As my spirit was taking its flight from earth I did behold their faces, and the joy that filled my heart cannot be expressed in mortal language. Loving and kind friends ministered to me, and I appreciated all that was done for me on the mortal plane.

I am very happy in my spirit-home, but I am attracted back to mortal life frequently by the dear ones left here. I am Almira C. Spaulding.

Sally Reed.

[To the Chairman:] How do you do, Mister? [How do you do?] I have come a long way to see you. I hear all are welcome to your meetings. There are good spirits here.

My name is Sally Reed. [Where did you live?] In Crawfordville, Ga.

Many of my relations are here, too, but they're not all going to speak. I am pleased at being privileged to send a message to day. I never spoke here before, sir, and I never controlled a medium before, so I hope you'll bear with me.

I didn't know when here that I should live on in another life, an active individual, the same as I was here. If I had I think it would have helped me to understand the conditions surrounding me after I passed on. I find it is a continuation of life, for I cannot see where the one left off and the other began.

I am very happy in spirit-life. I have left the mortal form, but I am clothed upon by another better adapted to my needs now, yet similar to the one I wore here. I would say to those mortals who weep and mourn the departure of their friends from earth, that they have only gone into another room, seemingly, where they are waiting for your coming. How sweet is the reunion there! If mortals could realize one-half we tell them, there would be fewer tears shed when one is taken from the family circle and added to the number of those gone before.

William and Allie are here.

Dear James, I know you are sad many times because you do not know where we are, but still you have great faith that we shall all meet again.

Hiannah is here, too; in fact, there is quite a number of us. I am much pleased that I could control as well as I have, for I never came in this way before.

Rosa T. Amedey.

I am very glad of the opportunity to speak here, Mr. Chairman.

I desire to say to mortals that it makes us of the spirit life very sad when we hear harsh and unjust criticisms made of our faithful and true mediums, through whose organisms we voice our thoughts or manifest our presence to our friends on the mortal plane. Mediumship is not bought or obtained from any extraneous source—it is a gift from God to the individual at birth, although its possessor at times may not be aware of it or know how to cultivate it until long after he or she has arrived at years of understanding and discretion.

I understand mediumship while in this mundane sphere, for I myself possessed medial powers, and I have all love and charity for true mediums, not only because of my own experience, but because of what I have witnessed of their treatment since passing to the higher life. Much that is spoken in denunciation of this much-misunderstood class ought never to be uttered, and when mortals will reason upon this matter and learn not to look for perfection among the medial instruments of the angel-world any more than among any other class of individuals, then will justice be done and more satisfactory manifestations will be the result.

Mr. Chairman, I have been present at every meeting since you have held your circles in this room, and am greatly pleased with the new arrangement. I come with a sisterly feeling, and would assure you that you will continue to be protected as you have been in the past. Many years you have been a faithful and loyal worker in the Cause, and those who have sustained you will never fail you—certainly not I. You will recognize me when I give you my name, Rosa T. Amedey. I will never shirk my duty, but will stand at the helm until the ship is safely anchored in the harbor.

I would say to mediums everywhere: Be true to yourselves and to others in the great mission given you; then will you accomplish what your Father and Mother God designed for you to do. And be true to the BANNER OF LIGHT, whose pages are so pure and clean that you need not hesitate to permit any eye to read what is printed thereon. Stand by THE BANNER, I repeat, that has stood by you so long; that has been your friend and espoused your cause when all other friends have failed you, and with your aid and the aid of the vast number of Spiritualists who have derived not only knowledge but consolation from its columns, may it continue to wave for many years to come.

Henry C. Wright.

[To the Chairman:] Good morning. [Good morning.] As I listened to the dear spirit who has just ceased speaking, I could see there was a depth of meaning to every word. I would say, in line with her thought, that we are one with you; you are not pushing this large load alone. Month in and month out, during all the many years that you have worked so faithfully and well, and even in the heat of the fiercest battle you have fought, unseen friends have surrounded and sustained you. Frequently have you been wounded by the ingratitude of those whom you have befriended, still you have continued to aid those you saw in need—you could not help it, it was your nature so to do. I feel to assert that you will be kept in the harness to the end—you will never rust out.

I am deeply interested in the grand and glorious work of this institution. The change you have made from public to private séances has been a good one; it is easier for the spirits to control, and the nerve-aurea of the medium is

not exhausted to the extent that it formerly was.

Many earnest souls are congregated here today who coincide with me in what I have said. We feel to put our hand to the plow and not turn back. You, as mortals, need our aid every hour, and we are only too glad to lend a helping hand when we see your spirits are sincere. My prayer goes forth that the time may be hastened when mortals shall realize more of the presence of their spirit friends; then who shall dread death? We say there is none, but everywhere life—life eternal.

Mr. Chairman, I make you this solemn promise: we will never leave you; we will walk with you through what seems like a shadowy vale, but which is illumined with light from spiritual realms. And we, as a band of spirits working for the cause of the spiritual enlightenment of humanity, would impress upon those who have the means, and who have received the consolation and knowledge that Spiritualism affords, to aid by pecuniary assistance in keeping the doorways of spirit-communion open—a duty every one should delight in fulfilling, realizing its great importance to the world. Henry C. Wright.

Spirit Messages.

The following messages from individual spirits have been received (according to dates) at THE BANNER CIRCLES, through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. SMITH; they will appear in due order on our sixth page:

June 8 (Continued).—Sarah A. Bruce; Jonathan Alger. June 15.—Col. Sabin Pond; Joseph Kinsey; Huldah G. Russell; Lydia Morrill; Arthur Russell; Samuel Hason; Benjamin Brimhall; Margaret Menter; Peter Kingman. June 22.—James Mason; Mary A. Moore; William S. Arnold; Winifred Menzies; Capt. Richard Freeman; Thomas Gates Foster; Rosie Clark; George Draper. June 29.—Martha A. Colerley; David Dale; James Woodworth; Charlotte Colson; Dr. Beck; John Pierpont.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By F. G. S., Norfolk, Va.] Would it not be well for manifesting spirits—at the Banner Circles or elsewhere—to state the "sphere" or "place" as "first," "second," etc., where they reside, when communicating? It seems to me by so doing many seemingly contradictory statements made by these returning intelligences could be then readily traced to the different conditions obtaining in their respective spheres.

Ans.—The above question implies that spiritual states are arbitrarily localized, and that it is as easy for communicating intelligences to say whether they are inhabitants of a first, second or third sphere as it is for people on earth to give their post-office address, although not every one in mortal life has a stationary abiding-place, by any means. The questioner assumes that all spirits perfectly comprehend their status, and can compare their attainments correctly with those of others. Such a conclusion is erroneous and entirely unwarranted, though we are prepared to say that exalted minds do understand their own and others' relative mental and moral status.

In a broad sense it may be correctly stated that there are seven spheres enrolling every planet, and that the most advanced of these pertaining to every planet impinges upon that pertaining to other planets; but only as the broadest generalization is such a statement permissible. Just as people on earth mingle in the same cities and hotels, and do business together regardless of widely opposite states of development, so is it in large measure, though in somewhat less degree, in spirit-life.

As to the value of statements made from any source, these are not to be accepted blindly, on the mere say-so of influences who might, prompted by ambition to appear unusually wise, declare themselves denizens of a very high sphere.

In the case of many mediums, who have an overweening sense of personal importance, communications coming from their immediate companions are said to emanate from the most illustrious individuals who ever inhabited the earth, or who come from "the one hundredth sphere."

Such assertions are utterly valueless, though not necessarily willful attempts to mislead. Every manifestation of the spirit should be fairly considered on its own merits. Surely it is not necessary for wise men on earth to label themselves Solons, while the foolish could not impose on the really wise by declaring they were citizens of a spiritual Athens.

Every communication carries with it, as every book does, some intrinsic proof of its real merit, and it is only by careful comparison and analysis that an intelligent theory of comparative elevations can be reached.

We certainly have a right to demand all reasonable information regarding those who seek to associate themselves with us, but no substitute can be provided for intelligent exercise of reason, and beyond reason intuitive perception is the surest guide of all.

To keep one's own sphere pure and transparent, is the chief thing, for as we studiously cultivate integrity and avoid all deception in our own thought-sphere, we unfold the faculty to discern spirits, or, in other words, to recognize by the influence they carry with them their real standing. Spiritual spheres are states of consciousness, far more than localities.

Q.—[By "Inquirer."] Before a voluntary cooperative commonwealth on the part of each individual constituting it can be attained, will not the people have to experience a change of heart, as it were, that will cause each to see that his or her own self-happiness is best secured by promoting the happiness of others? Must not reform come, if at all, through individual reformation; and instead of calling upon others to repent and be baptized, shall not the work begin with self-repentance and baptism?

A.—The questioner has expressed our sentiments as clearly as we could possibly voice them ourselves, so far as individual regeneration is concerned; and we may remark in passing,

that scarcely any serious student of social and industrial problems to-day takes exception to the above conclusion. Nevertheless, as there are two well-defined sides to the great topic of society improvement, viz., the collective and the individual, it is wise for us to look carefully on both.

Heredity and environment are now almost universally acknowledged as the two leading factors in human development, and to improve the influence of both is surely the aim of every practical philanthropist. Society being made up of units, it is indeed true that each individual must work out his own highest development before he can become a valuable member of the social organism; but, if general surroundings affect individual culture so as to accelerate or impede it, we are foolish indeed if we shut our eyes to the importance of an environment changed for the better.

Government is really in the hands of a very few people, even in a republic; the democratic ideal, beautiful though it is, has never been fully realized on a large scale. So small a country as Switzerland has adopted an excellent system of initiative and referendum, and has thereby attained pretty nearly to a self-governing condition; but in so large a country as the United States, with so heterogeneous a population, self-government of the people, for and by the people, is little more than an ideal, a shining goal ahead, attainable, but unattained.

As there ever has been an aristocracy of intelligence, which will continue of necessity until education in the best sense becomes universal, we may reasonably claim that genius has a right to rule because it has the ability to do so, and it is always best for the highest culture to hold the balance of power. All objections to the present state of affairs are based on the admission that there is corruption somewhere, and that plutocracy is not the synonym of intellectual supremacy or of moral worth. There are differences between man and man which legislation cannot eradicate; therefore no author of even the most advanced socialist type who has written sanely, has attempted to show that natural distinctions will be or can be obliterated by a change of administration.

The cry of paternalism is frequently raised to frighten the masses from investigating dispassionately the diametrically opposite idea of fraternalism, which is the coming thought. It is to the best interest of all that the highest degree of intelligence in any realm should be at the helm; therefore, whenever it can be shown conclusively that any persons are holding office by virtue of special fitness for such office, all reasonable people concur in the wisdom of the arrangement; objections which are valid can only be raised against office-holding by the unfit.

Personal happiness is inseparably bound up with general order. Chaos is not conducive to happiness; consequently, advocates of the "New Hedonism" are not consistent if they teach lawlessness or seek to ignore such lawful restraints upon individual action as are necessary to the constitution and preservation of social order. The welfare of society as such is as much more important than the mere happiness of a solitary individual, as society signifies the multiplication of the individual. No one can live entirely alone, therefore the extreme of individualism is insanity.

Since, then, we are all dependent one upon the other, all reasonable theories of a *modus vivendi* must be in accordance with reasonable recognition of the rights of the great human body, to which we all belong, and in whose corporate welfare we are all directly interested. There are very much higher motives than self-interest impelling humanitarians to work for the common good, and, as Drummond has clearly shown, in his admirable work on Evolution, the instinct to work for others is as truly natural as the instinct of self-preservation. To bring all to a point of philosophic unity it only needs to be proved that general welfare includes individual well-being, and as true happiness is the outcome of well-ordered life, the instinct of self-preservation, the desire for self-improvement and the higher craving for the welfare of humanity as a whole, are perfectly harmonizing factors in human advancement. A broad, clear view of the entire subject must put an end to all discrepancies.

THE WAGON THAT WENT TO MOBILE.

Far back "in the fifties," how well I remember The time most delightful of all the long year, In the cold, frosty winter, full late as December, When the cotton was picked, and the fields dry and bare. They loaded the wagon—the spacious old wagon—The dearest old wagon that went on a wheel—And rolled up a team of big sturdy oxen, And cracked the long whip, and went off to Mobile. Through the dim-throating years I still see the kitchen, Still scent the sweet odors that burdened the air! There were hams and potatoes, and pumpkins and bread, Cornbread and sausage, and pies rich and rare; We packed the big box, and piled up the basket, And every one helped with much ardor and zeal; For early to-morrow—long-wished-for to-morrow—The big covered wagon will start for Mobile. Then early that morn came the gentle-faced mother, And said, as she looked over her shoulder at me: "You are going, you know, with the wagon this morning!" And his cup in that moment brimmed over with joy. Now pile in the feed, and the corn on the cot; Stunt is the axle, and strong is the wheel; Then silently each clasped the hand of our father, And watched the white wagon depart for Mobile. Twenty days for the journey! yet soon they passed over. For, busy and happy, we knew not a care; And soon came the time when at evening we listened For the sound that was sweetest, to thrill on the air— The far-fading echo, the jubilant signal. Borne faint to our ears over wood and field— The sound of the whip, as old Pompey gave notice That he and the wagon had come from Mobile! No owner of ships sailing into the harbor, E'er waited with joy so unbounded as we, For never a bark with such treasure was freighted As that which we peeped 'neath the cover to see. Now gone are the days of that halcyon pleasure; The train flashes by—"a demon by wheel!" It comes and it goes—but I wish at this moment I could see the old wagon come back from Mobile! —S. A. C., in *Livingston (La.) Journal*.

New Publications.

THE WONDERFUL LAW. By H. L. Hastings. Cloth, pp. 118. Published by the Spiritual Tract Repository, 47 Cornhill, Boston.

Beginning with the first page and so on to the last, the reader will be impressed with the great interest and instructiveness which marks the book. A good deal of sound sense, by way of explaining statements made in the Bible, is a prominent characteristic of the work. Mr. Hastings looks upon the Law of Moses as salutary and not arbitrary, and the consideration of it as edifying. While the book is intended to assist in argument in favor of the Law, yet the general reader will find profit by a careful perusal.

THE SEARCH FOR ANDREW FIELD. A Story of the Times of 1812. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Cloth, pp. 318. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The literature for the young relating to the war of 1812 is very meagre, and Mr. Tomlinson gives so fair and thorough an insight into the incidents of those days that one cannot peruse the pages of his new book without expressing the thought that the lack has now been amply filled. The author shows a com-

plete knowledge of the field in which the scene is laid. A capital character has been portrayed in that of Andrew Field, and the story is told with life and spirit enough to please the most particular reader. The historical information is sound and complete, and many lessons portraying manliness, courage and honesty are presented. There are several beautiful illustrations, and the book is handsomely printed and bound.

Received: MEDIUM W.—By Mrs. Anna Whitehead Dodeker. The volume is a collection of spiritual tracts. Published by the Author, corner 28th and Grace streets, Richmond, Va.

In Memoriam.

MRS. S. OLIVER, wife of CHAS. A. EDWARDS, and daughter of Mr. Joseph A. Lovejoy, passed to spirit-life June 28th, 1894.

Mrs. Edwards—as states the *Stoneham Independent*—was born in that place in 1830, where she passed the greater part of her life; removing to Campello six years ago, where she endeavored herself to many friends. Charity for all formed one of the chief traits of her character. In the months of intense suffering through which she passed she was ever patient and hopeful, being tenderly cared for and comforted by a sister, who, with a loving husband and father, administered to every wish.

The funeral service occurred in Stoneham June 30th, at the home of her aunt on Pomwouth street, Rev. D. Augustine Newton of Winchester officiating, at the last request of the deceased. The ritual services were profuse. The beautiful song, "Weary the Waiting, Weary," was contributed:

"There's an end to all toiling some day, sweet day,
But it's weary the waiting, weary;
There's a harbor safe in the noonday bay,
Where the sails will be furled, and the ship will lay
At anchor—somewhere in the far away,
But it's weary the waiting, weary."

There's an end to the trouble of souls oppress,
But it's weary the waiting, weary;
Sometime in the future, when God thinks best,
He'll lay us tenderly down to rest,
And roses bloom from the thorns in the breast,
But it's weary the waiting, weary."

There's an end to the world with its stormy frown,
But it's weary the waiting, weary;
There's a light somewhere that no dark can drown,
And where life's sad burdens are all laid down,
A crown—thank God—for each cross a crown,
But it's weary the waiting, weary."

These lines from Mr. Lovejoy. "My daughter Olive had joined a church, hoping to find what she desired, i.e., a true spiritual field on earth, where, through the physical, she could work in harmony with the moral; but, indeed, as she was there found, more than she could bear, and after about two years she applied for a withdrawal."

Her choice of the Spiritualist lecturers were: Mrs. M. S. Townsend Wood, Hon. Sidney Dean, Dr. H. B. Storer and Mrs. Fay—the last of whom she listened to on Sunday, March 4th, and was most pleased with her remarks. I have been a Spiritualist since its first advent, a constant reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and Conductor of Stoneham's First Spiritualist Lyceum.

I have been acquainted with Mr. Lovejoy and his family since this daughter was a small child, and have been entertained in their home when he and his lovely wife (long since among the angels) were earnest workers in the Cause, and in the last of whom she listened to on Sunday, March 4th, and was most pleased with her remarks. I have been a Spiritualist since its first advent, a constant reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and Conductor of Stoneham's First Spiritualist Lyceum.

M. S. TOWNSEND WOOD.

Stoneham, Aug. 23d, 1894.

MRS. SYLVIA ARNOLD MORE departed this life at her home in Birmingham, O., Aug. 25th, in the 76th year of her age. She had been a Spiritualist for many years, and found in it her religion of life.

She was united in marriage with Isaac More, fifty-six years ago, and a life of uninterrupted happiness has been theirs. Two children blessed their union—a son and daughter. They have for fifty-two years resided in their present home. There was a very large attendance of friends and relatives, and the most heartfelt sympathy was expressed by her many friends, but most by husband, father and sister, who, I pray, may be able to feel her near presence until they, too, pass beyond the veil.

The funeral services of CAPT. LUTHER FOX were held at his home in Loraine, O., Aug. 25th, Hudson Tuttle gave the discourse, and Mrs. Emma Tuttle gave a touching song service. The beautiful ritual of the Lyceum Guide was rendered at the grave.

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From his home in East Middlebury, Vt., Aug. 24th, JAMES A. SEVERANCE passed to higher life, aged 80 years.

In the departure of Mr. Severance the community loses a citizen who possessed qualities of rare excellence. He was a man of extensive general information, thoroughly honest in purpose and earnest in his convictions—yet in no sense was he a bigot. He had been a convert to Spiritualism nearly forty years, and was such through an intelligent comprehension of its philosophy and its phenomena.

He loved children with all the ardor of his nature, and in return was loved and revered by them. It is usually correct to say, whom children love it is safe to trust.

His funeral was largely attended on Sunday, Aug. 26th, the services being conducted by A. E. Stanley of Leicester.

MR. CHARLES A. SMITH, a long-time subscriber of THE BANNER and a true follower of the Cause of Spiritualism, passed away Aug. 14th, after a protracted illness, at Shreveport, La.

Mr. Smith was a native of Ithaca, N. Y., and was 42 years 3 months old. For over thirteen years he was employed in the United States Weather Bureau. He was not only a man of high intelligence, but of a genial and sociable disposition, and many attainments and accomplishments marked his life. He stood high in this profession.

He made many warm friends everywhere he went, and the closing of his earth-life is a source of deep regret and sorrow. He leaves a most devoted wife. He was a loving husband, a good citizen, a faithful official and true friend.

Spiritualist Convention.

At Capital Hill, Montpelier, Vt., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 21st, 22d and 23d, 1894.

Speakers Engaged.—Clara H. Banks, Haydenville, Mass.; Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Worcester, Mass.; Jos. D. Giles, Weymouth, Mass.; Emma L. Paul, Morrisville, Vt.

Grand Concert and Dramatic Recital Friday evening, Sept. 21st, conducted by Prof. A. J. Maxham and Miss Ethelynd Gould. Tests and poem by J. D. Giles. Testimony by J. D. Giles, Saturday evening, and another on Sunday. Admission to each séance, 10c. Sessions.—Three sessions each day—forenoon, afternoon and evening. At each session there will be a conference or séance, and an address by some of the speakers present.

The first session will be Friday, at 10 A.M., which will consist of a song by Prof. Maxham, poem by J. D. Giles, song by Prof. Maxham, speeches by Mrs. Clara H. Banks, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller and Mrs. Emma L. Paul, and conference.

Friday afternoon Clara Banks will address the Convention.

All the sessions, except the séances and concert, will be open and free to all.

Mrs. E. K. Morgan, Lucius Colburn, Dr. G. S. Bronson and others will be in attendance.

Prof. A. J. Maxham of Brattleboro, Vt., the celebrated recitalist, will have charge of the evening.

Miss Ethelynd Gould of West Randolph, Vt., dramatic reader, graduate of Emerson College of Oratory, will be present and intersperse the different exercises with choice selections.

Receipts of concert and séances to assist in defraying expenses.

The management have spared no pains in securing very able talent in order to make the Convention a large, instructive and interesting meeting. All are earnestly invited to come and help make the Convention a grand success.

Good accommodations at the Montpelier House and the Exchange Hotel.

The Wells River Railroad will carry passengers at reduced rates. The Central Vermont Railroad will also furnish round-trip tickets for fare one way from all its stations in Vermont to the Convention place, less than thirty-three miles, two cents per mile each way.

Be sure and call for round-trip tickets to attend the Spiritualist Convention at Montpelier.

The suburban trains that run every hour will run to accommodate the Convention after the evening sessions, and on Sunday.

For further information, address
GEO. W. RIPLEY,
41 College St., Montpelier, Vt.

The Fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla, once fairly tried, becomes the family medicine, speaks volumes for its excellence and medicinal merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla is Nature's co-worker.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c.

Camp and Grove-Meetings.

[Continued from 15th page.]

latter, as are all his discourses. He afterward gave a large number of spirit-dedications, all of which were recognized. We are very fortunate in having Mr. Baxter with us this year, as his time is so fully occupied.

Friday morning the conference assumed the character of a business meeting, the question of increasing the water supply for the camp being under consideration. The cottagers heartily responded to the abundance of food and all things of a large and comfortable kind, as for water, we hope hereafter we shall have no want of water.

In the afternoon Dr. Fuller again addressed us, taking for his subject, "The Attitude of Science in Relation to Spiritism." It was an instructive and interesting discourse.

Friday evening dancing was in order at the Hall; all present seemed to have a pleasant time. Another happy incident of the evening was the giving of a large contribution to this cause, by two ladies—Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. Patrick. These ladies, with their friends, have attended at the Park every year since it was established. Short speeches were made by the speaker and audience, and the evening closed with good wishes were extended.

Saturday afternoon Mr. Baxter occupied the platform and gave one of his powerful and cultured lectures, his subject being, "The Attitude of Science in Relation to Spiritism." He gave several of his inimitable descriptions or delineations of our spirit-friends. Mr. Baxter is a powerful instrument in the hands of the spirit-world. We hope the managers will always secure him for Queen City Park when it is possible to do so.

The last entertainment of the season was given in the hall in the evening; some fine singing by Mr. Baxter and Mr. Macham, recitation by Miss Gould, and a musical performance by Mr. Baxter and others, made a very agreeable program.

In the forenoon of Sunday, Sept. 24—the last of this season—Dr. Fuller gave a most impressive discourse, the subject being, "The Attitude of Science in Relation to Spiritism." He has been identified with Queen City Park since it was first established; he is much loved here, and we trust to have him every season with us for many years to come.

Dr. Fuller occupied the platform in the afternoon and gave a splendid address. It was, indeed, a fitting ending to our lecture season, and was most highly spoken of; he followed with a large number of tests, which were all successful.

Immediately after the services were over, occurred the dedication of two new cottages recently built—one by Mr. Crosswood of Winooki, and the other by Mr. and Mrs. Eastwood of Watertbury; a pleasant time was enjoyed.

Our last evening was devoted to a memorial service in remembrance of the friends who have passed away to the higher life since we met together in 1893. Very beautiful and touching services were given. The friends were given to our arisen sister, Mrs. Smith, by Dr. Geo. Fuller, Mr. Baxter, Mrs. Crosssett and others; to those who knew and loved her so well these words of kindness brought comfort and consolation. Many of the friends who were present, and whose names were vacant, that last year were present. It was a very pleasant and comforting service, and closed our series of meetings for this season.

The management of the evening has been a great success. The lectures have been fine, the attendance good, and the harmony and kind feeling has been universal. J. E. T.

Lake Brady, O.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Owing to Mrs. Ada Foye's enforced rest from labor, and Mrs. Severance not giving two previously appointed lectures here, there were some vacant places in our program that have been most happily filled by Prof. J. W. Kenyon, who gave us yesterday his seventh, and will give to-morrow his last, lecture at Brady Lake for the present season. He has greatly pleased and instructed the thinkers of the camp.

Prof. Kenyon's lecture was most effective and lively; new lecturer on the spiritual rostrum, Mrs. Abby F. Watkins, of Akron, O. She has been working in a quiet way in her own vocation, and this was her first appearance on the rostrum of Lake Brady. In person she is a tall, slender, and well-proportioned lady, with dark, expressive eyes and much dignity of bearing. Her method of preparation, so far, differs from that of most of our speakers, in that her lecture is carefully prepared and is carefully committed by her to a positive memory. The wording is choice, and there is a finish in the arrangement and expression that her impromptu efforts can possess only by a long training and experience, or under inspiration of rare disembodyment.

While Mrs. Watkins's method will no doubt give place in time to less dependence on previous verbal preparation, and of course to more spontaneity in expression, her method is commendable, and she is a woman in which she is now preparing herself for future labor in our great cause.

Mrs. Watkins's theme was "The Promise of Yesterday is the Hope of To-morrow." She said that the day of the future is not a distant future, but a near future, and that we should not abandon established conditions and escape to the untried and untried. This proposition she sustained and illustrated by an excellent review of the history of the ages, from the time of the first man, to the present. She said that the promise of the future is not a distant future, but a near future, and that we should not abandon established conditions and escape to the untried and untried. This proposition she sustained and illustrated by an excellent review of the history of the ages, from the time of the first man, to the present.

On Wednesday Prof. J. W. Kenyon favored us with his lecture, "The Evidence of Man's Immortality." He chose this subject in order to supplement the agnostic position of Mr. H. F. Underwood the preceding Sunday regarding a future state, and the clear knowledge of the fact that we can come only from the physical body, and that we have been liberated from the physical body. He found scientific support in the law of evolution, in the undeveloped faculties of the human mind, heightening and exalting the human mind, and in the power of energy as well as from the Immense response from all classes and conditions of men when they hear of manifestations from the other side of life.

Phrenologically speaking, the organ of spirituality is the seat of the soul, and the organ of the physical is the seat of the body. The organ of the physical is the seat of the body, and the organ of the spiritual phenomena can make evidence for them, while the advanced condition of the same faculty in a Swedenborg, a Boehme and a Davis, hint at the condition of the soul in those who are still clinging to physical expression.

Passing to testimonial facts, the Professor gave from his wealth of experience and observation much that carried weight, while it interested the listener to an unusual degree. He said that the evidence of the eternal persistence of life. The thinking mind in past ages has postulated this for generic life, but it is the modern Spiritualism that has demonstrated to us that the soul of the dead does not disappear from our physical sight still live, because, through its phenomena, they can tell us so.

Thursday brought forward our genial and animated Chairman, Hon. O. F. Kellogg, as the speaker for the day. He gave us a most interesting and instructive expression in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews: "Having no continuing city here, we seek that which is to come." Like a good old Orthodox divine, he took a text, and then, secondly and thirdly, why we seek it, and then, fourthly, how we seek it. He then enlarged on these points with all the wealth of imagery and illustration that Kellogg only has at command, and which I am utterly powerless to do justice to. He said that the evidence of the eternal persistence of life. The thinking mind in past ages has postulated this for generic life, but it is the modern Spiritualism that has demonstrated to us that the soul of the dead does not disappear from our physical sight still live, because, through its phenomena, they can tell us so.

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Mr. Hays Reynolds closed this interesting occasion with fine speeches.

J. Clegg Wright, Mrs. Morse, Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Richard-Smith, Mrs. Eliza Howes, Mrs. M. J. Wentworth, and Miss L. E. Thompson were all present and engaged for the season.

Dr. Temple has arrived; Mr. Tidlake is visiting in camp; Mrs. Maud Drake, Dr. Hodges, Mr. Foxcroft, Mr. O'Brien, Dr. Leppington, and Mr. Baxter's sons. Mr. Hattie O. Mason in charge of the music.

The meeting is advertised to close Sunday evening, sept. 9th.

Etna Camp can be reached by taking Bangor boat to Boston; or Bangor train over the Maine Central Railroad for Camp Etna. If coming overland, buy ticket to Portland. At Portland, buy an Excursion Ticket to Etna and return.

Mrs. W. F. Pratt, director of Berkeley Hall Society, is breathing in health and strength at this camp.

Dr. Eldridge, well known in Boston, is located here, and doing a good business. FRANK B. WOODBURY.

Vicksburg, Mich.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

For several years the Spiritualists of Southwestern Michigan and Northern Illinois have maintained a camp-meeting each summer in one of those noble-red groves of oak common to this section, rallying about it the best of the people of Vicksburg and Detroit. This lady is an earnest worker, and luckily blessed with means, and, better, resolved to use them to great extent for the spread of Spiritualism's glad tidings. The people have well supported her so far as their patronage goes, and she has carried her work with their yearly presence, the community at large ever coming out freely.

Mr. L. V. Mounton, a Grand Tapsits attorney, has been in the work at this camp, and this season attracted the camp to action and the community to thought, the first week—his allotted time—as never before. Working there at this time, too, were Mr. E. W. Sprague and wife, a lecturer at medium of forceful character, whom the Spiritual Cause was honored and benefited.

Efforts from year to year, in obedience to earnest demands, were made to secure Mr. J. Frank Baxter, whose reputation was established thoroughly among Spiritualists through reading the spiritual papers; and so much had he been talked about from time to time, that many of his former members, who were meant, when his name was announced as the speaker and medium for the second week of the Camp.

On Thursday, Aug. 23d, Mr. B. was greeted with an unusually large audience for a week day, and he certainly did not fail to attract the attention and warmest attention by his matter, logic and manner, and enthused all with his magnetism, and when he concluded his work with his marked sance of one of our literature, he established an accorded many.

The next day, Friday, August 24th, Mr. Baxter was eagerly listened to again, his week-day audience on his occasion being as large as the usual audiences previously assembled on Sundays, and he seemed to have conducted to the posthumous life of people—a powerful discourse, and eclipsed, in his sance, the ones of the preceding day.

When Sunday, Aug. 26th, came, the people from around about poured into the Camp, hundreds and hundreds, by trlaughter and main road. Never in all the history of the Camp was such a concourse of people gathered. Every available seat was occupied, and hundreds were standing when Mr. Baxter was introduced to the rostrum. In the morning his gentlemen had made it a green bower of beauty with their voluntary decorations. An applause greeted Mr. Baxter with his first step on the platform; from the very beginning he drew forth the people, and seemingly carried the audience with him.

At two o'clock packed in on every hand the audience had again prepared itself. Other seats were improvised, and carriages all around the large assembly conducted to the rostrum, and the people gave advantage spot was taken. Again they listened to such lecture as they were wont not to ordinarily hear. Mr. Baxter then gave a sance that no honestly disposed man could withstand, extremely wonderful in its appeal to spiritualism, and was a red letter "one for the Vicksburg camp."

The conferences of the camp have been pleasant and educational features. Mrs. E. C. Woodruff has been in attendance, Mr. Paulman, presiding with grace in both conferences and in lecture session. She has been heard, as of old, in lecture, and one delivered by her on Saturday P. M., Aug. 26th, was eminently appropriate.

From dances, entertainments, gate-fees to grounds, and accurements from rented rooms and privileges, he expenses in great degree are offset.

This is written while the camp is at its height. Mr. Arthur B. Richlings will leave here this is held, and Mrs. Helen B. Richlings will have begun her work, and she is looked for as per engagement, and, too, with pleasure, as on previous occasions she had made many friends.

Baxter is secured for this camp another season. WOLVERINE.

Blodgett's Landing, N. H.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Camp-Meeting has closed; all is quiet, and already preparations for another year are well under way.

Mr. Whitlock spoke on Tuesday and Wednesday. On Tuesday evening a benefit was tendered Miss Brown, the manager of the orchestra, who met with the loss of her pocket-book on the day she arrived here, valued at fifty dollars. A little over sixteen dollars were raised for her purse, and the people of small party gathered Friday; Mr. F. A. Wiggin spoke, as he did also on Saturday. Saturday evening occurred the last entertainment of the season. A very fine program was presented.

To-day, Sunday, Sept. 7th, Mr. Wiggin spoke, closing a very successful five weeks' meeting.

We understand that another season the Woodsome Steamboat Company are to build a new boat; and the engine in the *Edmund Burke*, also a steel built upon engine—and also build a new boat, better than any now running on the lake, and about two thirds the size of the *Burke*.

Local cottagers will be leaving to-morrow; but a few will remain to further enjoy the beauties of this little island sea. W. H. WILKINS, Sec'y.

Sept. 2d.

The Facts Convention

Closed a three days' session successfully at Melville Gardens, Downer's Landing, on Sunday. Mr. Whitlock has done good service in explaining matters spiritual in quarters where little practical knowledge has existed before.

Miss Ella Whitney served the Convention faithfully in mediumship each day, and won for herself many friends; Mrs. M. A. Moody was present every day; and by song entertained the audiences; she is an excellent speaker and psychometric reader; Dr. C. W. W. Shedden wrote communications, in many cases pronounced correct. Mrs. A. Forrester was present Sunday and gave psychometric readings. Dr. Wm. Franks was present Monday night, at which many people received convincing proofs.

These conventions are to be held at different places. Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 7th, 8th and 9th, respectively, at the Casino Hotel, Nahant, Massachusetts. Lydia can be reached from Boston by steamboats from Lincoln wharf.

Onset, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

'The Ladies' Onset Improvement Society will hold its fourth annual **Harvest Moon Festival** at the Onset Temple on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 16th and 16th.

Celebration will open at 2:30 P. M. on Saturday, with the Hollow Square service.

The festival will be a fine entertainment, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, readings, fancy dancing, etc. This is to be followed by a grand ball, for which Ferguson's Bridgewater Orchestra will furnish the music—as well as for the open-air concerts on Sunday.

On Sunday, addresses by Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, O. Fannie Allen, Rev. E. Andrus Titus, and others, will be given; while in the evening a few short addresses, songs, duets, quartets and readings, will conclude the exercises.

It is hoped there will be a large attendance. MRS. HELEN M. WOOD, Sec'y.

Camp Starlight.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

This enterprise is announced to open meetings on the 16th of September and continue until the 23d. The grounds are located two and one-half miles from Rhelton, nine miles from Bridgeport and ten miles from New Bedford, in the colony of seven villages manufacturing villages, offering opportunities to the circle of people to bear the truths that Spiritual Philosophy affords.

This Camp is yet largely missionary in its character, embracing the radius of cities mentioned, including the new city of Derby, three miles distant, no Independent society exists, though many believers and investigators abound and meetings are held from

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Echo Grove, Mass.

Sunday, Sept. 2d, interesting services were held at 8:30 A. M., 2 and 6 P. M. Mr. Woundy presided and gave interesting remarks; invocation, song service and solo, "Like a Bird," by Prof. E. T. Pierce. Dr. J. M. Furbush, Prof. J. E. Hartmann, Mrs. Lizzie Hartmann, Mrs. S. M. Atherton, F. M. Atherton and others, participated in the service.

Next Sunday there will be exercises at the grove at 8:30, 2 and 6 o'clock. Good mediums and speakers will take part. T. H. B. JAMES.

Verona Park, Me.

We are in receipt of the current installment of the Secretary's account of the proceedings at this Camp, but are unable to use it the present week—even were it condensed, as we have been obliged to treat all the reports contained in our present issue. We shall therefore give this Verona Park account in full in our next number.

ILLINOIS.

Chicago. The meetings of the First Society of Spiritual Unity, on Sunday, Aug. 20th, were very interesting, and satisfactory in many ways.

At the Mediums' Conference in the morning, Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, our gifted speaker, made an address on the media present, containing much wholesome advice and practical instruction in regard to their development and the exercise of their medial gifts. In the afternoon she delivered an address on "The Occultism; or how shall we educate our children?" as an appeal to the parents to send their children to the Children's Lyceum, which our Society opens in September.

Her lecture in the evening was given to a most intellectual audience and to their great satisfaction, as was evidenced by their applause. Mrs. Lyman has an exalted band of high intelligences; her work here fully justifies the claim that she stands as a teacher of the higher truths of the Spiritual Philosophy in a position unequaled in the ranks of our mediums.

Our new year of work begins next month, and Mrs. Lyman will lecture for the Institute of Occult Science, giving, during the fall term of September, October and November, three courses of eight lectures each, with two lectures each week. The tickets to each course are three dollars and to single lectures, fifty cents. These lectures will be upon subjects relating to Occult Law and Science; and there will be two supplementary lectures, free to those attending the course, which will be given at the end of the term.

Valuable assistance was rendered at our meetings by Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Bishop, Dr. White, Mrs. Dr. Preston, Mrs. Dr. Knevet, Mrs. Cutter, Mrs. Isa Wilson Porter, Mrs. Hamilton Gill, Mrs. Hersom and others, as well as the harmonious selections of Mr. Simmons and Prof. Clarke.

E. N. PICKERING.

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MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

The Progressive Spiritual Association, Amphion Street. Meetings Sunday evenings, 7 1/2 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums. Mrs. M. Evans, President.

Spiritual Meetings are held in Mrs. Dr. Blake's parlors, 126 Bedford Avenue (near DeKalb Avenue), every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

The Advance Spiritual Conference meets every Thursday evening at the Court Street. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Seats free. All welcome. Herbert L. Whitney, Chairman; Emily B. Ruggles, Sec'y.

Fraternity Hall, 860 Bedford Avenue.—The First Spiritual Mission meets at 3 o'clock for conference, 3 o'clock for lecture and tests. Mediums and speakers welcome. S. Wines Sargent, Chairman.

Social and Progressive Union.—Business meetings first and third Friday evenings in the month; social meetings second and fourth Friday evenings, at 102 Court Street. Miss Irene Mason, Secretary.

Students' Thought Society, 108 West 43rd street and Sanford Streets.—Test and Developing Circle by Mr. Tallof every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

Kniekerbocker Hall, 44 West 14th Street.—The Ethical Spiritualists' Society meets each Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. Helen Tompkin Brigham, speaker.

The Ladies' Aid Society holds its meetings through the summer on Mondays—third Wednesday in the month—at Adelphi Hall, 624 and 7th Avenue. For information relative to the work of the Society, address Mrs. Kate D. Knox, 40 Columbus Avenue, Sec'y.

Soul Communion Meeting on Friday of each week, 8 P. M.—doors close at 3 1/4—at 310 West 25th street. Mrs. Mary C. Morrell, Conductor.

Students' Thought Society, 108 West 43rd street.—Meetings Sunday evenings. A. W. Fletcher, regular speaker.

MEETINGS IN CHICAGO.

First Society of Spiritual Unity meets at Custer Post Hall, 88 South Sangamon street, every Sunday at 10 1/2, 2 1/2 and 7 P. M. Mrs. Mary O. Lyman, permanent speaker. E. N. Pickering, President.

First Society of Spiritualists meets at Washington Hall, Washington Boulevard, corner Ogden Avenue, every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/4 P. M. Speaker, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.